

# THE HOLY NAME JOURNAL

The only official publication of the HOLY NAME SOCIETY in the United States  
JUNE, 1954



XLIV, No. 6

## Asides

Since the Holy Name Journal is not published in July or August, we thought we ought to get into this issue a couple of vacation-type articles designed to head off troubles that have spoiled more than a few vacations. So two of our articles are the kind that sound timely warnings. "Poisonous Tormentor," by O. A. Battista, will set you straight about poison ivy and other dangerous weeds, and there are in William W. Buechel's "Going Boating This Vacation?" numerous tips for safety on and about the water.

We are particularly glad to have from Father Kekeisen, of Denver, "You Think You've Got Troubles." Here is the inside story from a priest who is pounded week after week by a barrage of questions and problems from all over the country. While just the published answers prove the writer to be a man of unusual resourcefulness, the handling of the total volume of queries must prove him to be a veritable Solomon.

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PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE NATIONAL HOLY NAME HEADQUARTERS

141 EAST 65TH STREET

NEW YORK CITY 21

Published by the Rosary Press, Somerset, Ohio, monthly, except during July and August. Entered as second-class matter July 29, 1914, at the post office at Somerset, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Executive Offices, 141 East 65th Street, New York 21, N. Y.

SUBSCRIPTION—Two dollars a year in the United States and Canada; twenty-five cents per single copy. Five dollars for three years. Liberal discounts to Societies subscribing for quantity orders.



# Editorial Page



## *The Body of Christ*

Holy Mother Church sets apart for the spiritual well-being of her members specifically designated days upon which their attention may be focused. Such a day was the commemoration, on last Sunday, of the feast of Pentecost, the day on which the Holy Ghost promised by Christ descended upon the Apostles. And now we have another day of commemoration today, our Holy Name Communion Sunday for the month of June being Trinity Sunday, on which solemnity our thoughts are directed by the liturgy of the Church to the Triune God. Still another feastday of the ecclesiastical year will be celebrated this Thursday, Corpus Christi, and here is a day of very special interest to every Holy Name man, since one of our basic Holy Name Society obligations is the monthly reception of Holy Communion.

Of course the institution of the Holy Eucharist, the Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ, is observed in its proper chronological order on Holy Thursday: it was at the Last Supper our Savior Jesus Christ instituted the Bread of Life. Nevertheless on the feast of Corpus Christi, literally the "Body of Christ," the Church commemorates this institution with greater solemnity and joy than is possible during Holy Week.

The feast of Corpus Christi, as we find it in either our missal or the Divine Office of our priests, inspires men with solid love and fervent devotion for the goodness of Him Who left Himself under the species of bread and wine. As we pause this Thursday from the hustle and bustle of our work-a-day world we should take time to thank Him for the gift He gave us of Himself. We should also remember that our Lord said, "I am the bread of life. He who comes to me shall not hunger, and he who believes in me shall never thirst." The Holy Eucharist, the institution of which we com-

memorate on Thursday, is no figment of man's imagination. Christ stated definitely, "This is my body . . . this is my blood."

## *Summertime*

Each summer our diocesan newspapers publicize the hours at which Sunday Masses are celebrated at shore and mountain resorts. This publicity enables Catholics to choose for their vacation a place which, in addition to having the desired recreational facilities, also enables them to fulfill their obligation of assisting at Sunday Mass.

Sensible people never wander far away from Mass and the Sacraments. Similarly, while Holy Name men conclude their regular activities years, they remain interested in a continuance of the public manifestation of reverence and respect for Him whose Name they honor without ceasing. Such manifestation is carried out by members of the Society all year around as they stand before their Catholic neighbors and all the world, continuing the Holy custom of corporate Holy Communion on the second Sunday of the month. This practice will be fulfilled whether they receive in their own parish or at a resort church. The Holy Name members realize there can be no vacation from the obligations of the Ten Commandments and, since all are in need of spiritual help to obey those Commandments, such spiritual help will be obtainable, as ever, from the frequent reception of the Divine Source of all spiritual good, Our Savior. "I live. Now not I, but Christ liveth in me."

The priests and the whole staff of the *Holy Name Journal* are hopeful that each and every member of the Society will enjoy the change and relaxation which results from a well-deserved vacation. A healthful, happy and wholesome summer to all our good friends!



# You Think You've Got Problems

by Father Robert E. Kekeisen

The question and answer column is a funnel for human miseries, the blues — and a few laughs.

"**H**OW can I, a Catholic married outside the Church, tell my little girl I can't receive Communion with her on her First Communion day?"

"If I send you \$1,500, will you send it to the man I robbed 16 years ago?"

"Why is there so much gambling in Catholic parishes?"

"What have you got against the Masons?" "I am too poorly in health to have more children, and the rhythm system doesn't work with me. May I practice birth control?"

These sample questions are an indication of the gamut run each week by inquirers who write to the "Ask and Learn" column of the *Register System of Newspapers*, conducted by the writer for the past eight and one-half years.

As might be expected from a subscription list of almost 900,000 persons, the readers represent every walk of life — and have problems reflective of almost every imaginable situation.

Nor are the questioners all Catholics. The "separated brethren" among my correspondents are often seeking information to clear up the religious doubts that surround their own faith. Sometimes they are preparing for marriage with a Catholic. And sometimes, but not frequently, they have a bone to pick with the Church—or with some priest.

One man in Washington state—curiously a "Bible belt Baptist"—is still praying that the "Ask and Learn" editor will be "converted and see the light."

Most of the queries addressed to "P.O. Box 1620, Denver" have to do with marital problems of one kind or

another. Usually they regard the marriage status of the persons themselves. And nine times out of ten the problem is either that of being married out of the Church or of desiring to marry, in the Church, a divorced person.

"My wife would not permit our children (if there are any) to be reared Catholic; and so we were married in a nonsectarian church and I am excommunicated." This typical marriage-inquirer wants to know why his marriage cannot be straightened out, when "a famous movie star, after three or four [civil] marriages," was permitted to marry a Catholic in the Church."

It is hard to make such an unfortunate man understand the canonical technicalities of the situation (that the star, doubtless, was never validly married before); because he is faced by a very real tragedy—denial of the Sacraments. And even though there are those among Catholics who say, with no pity, "He has made his own bed," one cannot help feeling sorry for him, and trying to help him.

One of the saddest of extra-Church marital situations is that of the mother, particularly, or the father who cannot receive Communion with her children, whom she has sent to a Catholic school. The crisis is heightened when there is question of a so-called "impossible case"—one in which one party's spouse is still living and only death, or painful separation, can be the solution.

Some Catholics have a queer idea of the Church's "broadmindedness." "After we are married in the Church, can we be married in my non-Catholic hus-

band's church?" Will our people never realize that the entire Catholic outlook on religion is diametrically opposed to that of Protestants; that any active participation in non-Catholic rites is practically an admission that one church is as good as another? There is nothing personal here; just a matter of objective truth and its demands.

People who get into marriage "messes" seldom realize how many others they affect by their mistake. A grief-stricken mother wrote to me: "My son married a divorced woman. There is nothing I can do or say about it. Should I refuse to allow them in my home? My heart cries out against that."

Kindly charity—already dictated by the mother's heart—is the only course to follow in such a case. A good Catholic mother, or father, or brother, or friend may be the outcast's only door back to the sacraments.

**T**HE unwed mother is a perennial problem. What is she to do? To whom can she turn, when her lover does not love her enough to marry her and her family would disown her if they knew?

Besides marriage—a practical solution in most cases—to go to another city to give birth to the baby is the course for the valiant woman who wants to make up for her mistake. Not all, unfortunately, are so courageous. Some add murder to their sin.

"Is birth control by artificial means a sin that has to be confessed?" It is almost unbelievable how many Catholics think, or fool themselves into believing,



that this abuse of nature is permissible in *their* case. Certainly Catholic preaching and literature has left no doubt that such a policy can be excused by no reason whatsoever, no matter how serious.

An interesting letter came from a woman who had been told by her doctor that having another baby would certainly kill her. She has since given birth to five, and is healthier than ever. Because her conscience gave her better advice than a materialistic physician (who suggested contraceptives), she has become an apostle of the Catholic family's way of life.

Not all marital problems arise from the marital bond, or lack of it. The number of marriages wrecked by alcohol will never be adequately reported until judgment day. And I am sure the stamped bottle is a more frequent home-wrecker than is adultery.

Internal marriage difficulties often touch the very essence of the marital contract. It is strange how few married persons really understand exactly what their state demands of them. The courses in home life now gaining favor in the parochial schools will help clear up, perhaps, many doubts as to what can and what cannot be done by husband and wife.

One of the strongest impressions a priest editor of a question-answer column gains from his work is the absolute confidence the Catholic layman has, as a rule, in the priest. Many of the personal facts a questioner puts down on paper, with his name and address, would make excellent blackmail material in less trustworthy hands. And the intimate personal details committed to writing would engender a blush in anyone but the professional director of human souls.

**M**OTIVATION of questioners is always an interesting speculation. "Father, can a person who is a vile gossip all week long go right ahead and receive Communion on Sunday? Be sure to print the answer in your column."

Such an inquiry is not an inquiry at all, but rather a bid for public condemnation, through the press, of the

questioner's enemy. An editor cannot be the instrument of such vindictiveness.

And sometimes it is the pastor who is the butt of the letter. "Does the pastor have the right to tell the people exactly how the new church must be built, even though the people are paying for it?"

It is my practice always to stand by my fellow priests. And usually it turns out that I am right in so doing.

Not infrequently the inquirer seeks my advice, or judgment, as a last resort. He has asked every other priest he knows and has received an unfavorable answer. Even as he writes, he must know I cannot tell him differently—but he writes.

**T**HE QUESTIONS cover every subject from canon law to liturgy, dogma to moral theology, history to philosophy, and sometimes trail off into home economics. Oddly enough, one questioner asked: "What kind of life insurance should I buy?" Another wanted me to tell him the best time to plant wheat!

Some readers show a surprising grasp of the Scriptures. But St. Paul's Epistles, with their profound theme of justification, hold pitfalls for any but the exegete. One home scholar wrote asking: "Please clarify for me the necessity for the Sacrifice of the Mass, in view of St. Paul's words: 'We have been sanctified through the offering of the Body of Jesus Christ once for all'."

It takes a long letter of explanation, or many inches in the "Ask and Learn" column, to show how the Mass *is* the Sacrifice of Calvary, and that the Lord gave us the Mass to "project" Calvary into the future for all yet to be born.

A great number of questions submitted to me come from persons who live in small towns. It seems that in most cases the questioner knows the town's one priest a little too well to approach him, especially when the matter is of such a nature as to embarrass the individual were it known by the pastor-friend.

The inherent sense of justice in most men was a source of amazement and of edification to me. People often worry

about such trivial things as the use of a bus transfer at any but the specified time for its validity. Other matters of justice concern last wills and testaments, whether it is lawful to keep the difference when the grocer has given back too much change, and employer-employee relationships. A shipping clerk for an express company, obviously conscience-stricken, asked my opinion on the so-called "slowdown strike" in his line of work. "Often," he said, "perishables such as fruits and vegetables are allowed to rot on a siding as the workers deliberately halt operations. Someone loses from this, Father."

The man's conscience was a good enough guide. He did not need "Ask and Learn."

The evils of gossip, like the poor, are always with us. A woman school teacher in a small town wrote: "A woman in my town has absolutely ruined my reputation, and there is no basis for her accusations. What must I do?"

Considering the other details she gave me, I told her that if no practical steps could be taken she could gain great merit before the Lord if she would bear the maligning in the spirit of Christ, who, though without sin, suffered patiently.

I published the question and answer in the column. A lawyer, reading it, was so indignant at the malicious gossip that he asked me to write the school teacher, telling her he would be glad to conduct a libel case for her free of charge! It is truly wonderful how people are interested in other people's problems.

Every week's mail—which averages 40 or 50 letters—brings at least one communication from a scrupulous individual. This painful mental disorder is a scourge to every confessor, for the scrupulous person sees sin where there is none, and serious sin where the fault is actually slight. Kind firmness is the only answer to such a questioner.

**M**EDICAL ETHICS, particularly in matters of lawful, or unlawful, surgery, bring their headaches. The most-often-

(Continued on page 35.)



# SAINT BARBARA

## — And The Minesweepers

by Ken Carreiro

*Italian seamen look to Saint Barbara for aid  
in the frightening work of minesweeping.*

**G**ILLO ROUGIER and Luciano Bausi are two matter-of-fact young Italian navy lieutenants who are in the deadly business of minesweeping.

Both officers have been detonating the ship-killing explosives for over seven years, and they both agree on one thing: Saint Barbara, the patron saint against harm from explosion, is a very good friend to have when you're in the minesweeping trade.

"After the years following the war, the Italian navy had to sweep up tens of thousands of mines that had been dropped around the Italian coast," says Lt. Rougier. "Italy's coast line was the most heavily mined area in the war because so much military action and invasion operations took place there. We mined it—then the Germans, French, English and you Americans laid mine fields there."

"Of course, after the war the thousands of mines had to be either removed or detonated." The officer grinned broadly. "Saint Barbara must have been there all the time. Not once did any of us hear of a casualty during that time due to minesweeping!"

"And it's a wonder, too," added Lt. Bausi. "We would sweep through a mine field, look over our stern and see nine or ten mines bobbing up and down in the water, sometimes only a few feet from us. Any of them hitting our hull would have been the end of us!"

Confidence in Saint Barbara in such situations is only one of the reasons the Italian navy unofficially considers the saint its patron. Every December 4, the feast day of the Saint, is a big occasion for both officers and enlisted men in the Italian navy. Gifts are exchanged, celebrations take place and the men offer special prayers asking for her protection.

Both Lt. Rougier and Lt. Bausi were in the United States recently to pick up two sleek, shipshape minesweepers, the "Cedro" and the "Faggio," the latest things in sweepers. The ships are Seattle-built, the newest version of sweeper with all the up-to-date minetrapping devices aboard.

American minesweepers plus Italian navymen equal cooperation and friendship is a real display of hands-across-the-sea unity. Along with 16 others, the



The "Faggio," wooden hulled and made in Seattle.



gray sweepers are being turned over to the Italian navy as part of American sponsored Mutual Assistance Program help to Italy's re-budding navy, most of which was destroyed during World War II.

Both men and their all-Catholic crews did duty for the Italian navy in the Mediterranean during World War II, practically the only Italian theater of navy operations during the war.

After "shakedown" cruises, the ships will weigh anchor for the Panama Canal on the long, 12,000-nautical-mile trip home to Italy. They'll have a stop-off at the U.S. Navy's base at Norfolk, Virginia, one more at Bermuda, then head for the haul across the choppy Atlantic to the Azores, and finally Italy via the Mediterranean.

**T**HE wooden-hulled minesweepers—the "Cedro" with its big white and black-shadowed "81" on her bow, and the "Faggio" with her identifying "88"—are entirely manned by young Italian sailors, 35 men to each crew. The hulls are made of wood for one very good reason: wood does not throw out magnetic waves which would attract magnetic mines to the ships. Besides the wood in the construction, all metal (or as much as is practical) is almost completely non-magnetic. Hence the ships' names "cedro" in Italian means walnut, "faggio" means beech.

Mines themselves are divided into three general classes: anchored, floating and magnetic. Anchored mines are laid by ships especially designed for the purpose and the mines are anchored to the ocean floor by cables. Floating mines are surface weapons, usually dropped by an escaping or evading enemy ship. Magnetic mines, at one time the most common, lie on the ocean floor and are drawn toward the object by their attraction for the ship's magnetic hull.

The most frequent way of making mines harmless is through the paravane method, Lt. Bausi explained. The paravane sweep (invented by an American naval officer in World War I) is com-

prised of a kite-like apparatus spread on both sides of the sweeper's prow, attached to the ship by cables. This device snares the anchored mines and draws them to the torpedo-shaped paravane where the mines' cables are automatically cut. The mines bounce up to the water's surface and from then on it is pretty routine. The explosives are usually detonated by rifle fire from crewmen.

**M**AGNETIC and acoustic mines can be made ineffective by setting up "degaussing belts," electric cables surrounding



Lt. Bausi and Lt. Rougier at minesweeper's compass.

a ship which set up a magnetic field which counteracts the ship's steel hull. In minesweepers like the "Cedro" and the "Faggio" a long heavy magnetized cable is often trailed astern. Mines are attracted to the cable and are exploded, at a safe distance from the ship.

The two officers are no new-comers to the dangerous art of sweeping. Both are graduates of the 1938 class of the Italian Naval Academy at Leghorn, Italy, an institution comparable to the U.S. Naval Academy at Annapolis.

Both men claim that pound for pound the mine is the most lethal of all naval weapons because upon contact with a hull very little energy is wasted. It is all concentrated against the most vulnerable

part of the ship. World War I records show that the British battleship the "Audacious" was sunk by a single mine. Even today, the officers declared, crews of modern sweepers are always ordered on deck when patrolling in mine-filled waters, while a sweeper's engines may be controlled from the bridge rather than below deck. Hence if a mine does strike the hull of a lightly-built sweeper, the crew would have a better chance of survival in the water rather than trapped below in the hull.

How do the young Italian ambassadors-of-naval-goodwill like the United States?

"Experiences like we have had in your country are the best way we can bring our nations closer together," said Lt. Bausi. "We've seen America 'up close,' and you are a magnificent people with a magnificent country. God has been good to you because with your new country you were given new ideas. We in Europe have older ideas and traditions and we have to change them to fit the new world. You have everything—and best of all you know how to use what you have."

**B**OTH men were impressed with what they had seen of the Church in America. "Your churches are always filled on Sunday. It is a wonderful sight to see whole families—fathers as well as mothers and children—in your churches." While in Los Angeles, over 85% of the two crews donated pints of blood to a local Bloodmobile unit.

Would they have smooth sailing on the way home?

"It's hard to say," Lt. Rougier thoughtfully replied. "There are still thousands of mines in the Atlantic. It will be years and years before most of them are found and detonated. There could be trouble." Then he brightened. "But there probably won't."

"Saint Barbara has had a perfect safety record with us. There's no reason why she shouldn't keep it up!"

EDITOR'S NOTE: Saint Barbara is venerated also by miners, gunners and founders, her aid being invoked for protection against fire.



# 'Cold War' Hot Spot

by Joseph T. Nolan

**Berlin — one city so tragically divided it epitomizes the split of two worlds.**

**W**HEN THE MOVIE, "The Man Between," depicted James Mason in the role of a Soviet secret agent whose job was to kidnap West Berliners interfering with Moscow's plans, many critics wrote it off as the product of a script writer's over-active imagination. Yet in recent weeks, three prominent Berliners have been spirited off to the Communist-controlled East Zone under circumstances no less fantastic than those in the film.

Take the case of Dr. Alexander Trushnovich, head of an organization of Russians who sought asylum in the West. The time is just after 7 p.m. The place, a quiet street one block from the Kurfuerstendamm, West Berlin's Fifth Avenue. Dr. Trushnovich enters an apartment house and climbs the stairs. He has an appointment to talk with a former Soviet prison camp inmate. Two hours later, tenants on the ground floor see a group come down the stairs. Two men support the limp form of a third. Another man explains, "He's so sick. We must get him to a hospital."

The party hustles into a chauffeur-driven sedan and speeds off into the night. The next day the Communist East German radio announces that Dr. Trushnovich has "voluntarily surrendered" to Communist security agents. He is still missing.

To grasp the full import of such incidents, it is necessary to understand what the "cold war" has done to Berlin, and how it has affected the mood of the people and the day-to-day life in the divided city.

Imagine, for a moment, that New

York City was so divided that the borough of Manhattan was free and separately governed, but surrounded on all sides by Communist territory. The Bronx, Brooklyn, and Queens would be in the hands of the oppressor. So would much land to the west, on both sides of a narrow corridor. There would be traffic between the free and the unfree parts of the city, but this would be subject to control and interruption by the Communist police.

This, roughly, is the situation that now prevails in Berlin, 100 miles behind the Iron Curtain. West Berlin, with an area of 186 square miles and a population of 2,200,000, is under the aegis of the Western Allies—the United States, Britain, and France. East Berlin, with an area of 155 square miles and a population of 1,200,000, is under Soviet control.

The divided city lies in northeastern Germany, an area that has been traditionally Protestant since the Reformation. The south and west of Germany have been predominantly Catholic—the Germany of Munich, the old Rhenish bishoprics and the industrial Ruhr valley. This is the Germany of West German Chancellor Konrad Adenauer. In years past there has been spirited rivalry and even outright hostility between Catholic and Protestant Germany. But two religious persecutions within twenty years have done much to heal the old sores. Today the Catholic population of West Berlin numbers 240,000, about 10 per cent of the total. But recent waves of refugees from the East, particularly from Czechoslovakia and Poland, have

resulted in a steady rise in the number of Catholics. Plans are even now under way for building five new Catholic churches in West Berlin.

The border between East and West twists through broad squares and narrow streets, decorated on one side with glaring red banners and propaganda posters.

Crossing the border is relatively simple. Hundreds of Berliners in the course of their daily lives cross over on foot, by bicycle or by subway. As the subway enters East Berlin, the lights fade out momentarily because the two sectors are served by separate electric power systems. Tourists can cross over in sight-seeing buses; even the U.S. Army runs a special sightseeing tour for G.I.'s.

**T**HE ease with which the border can be crossed makes Berlin an obvious center of international intrigue. Spies and counterspies feverishly ply their shadowy trade. Telephone calls are sometimes so weakened by wiretaps that one party can scarcely hear the other's voice. One American official makes a practice of opening his conversations with, "Hello there, Bill (or Jim or Tom)—and all you other fellows listening in."

However, by no means all—or even a majority—of Berlin's 3,400,000 inhabitants are caught up in this vast web of intrigue. Except for an occasional dramatic incident like the Trushnovich case, one finds "life as usual" in the former German capital.

The contrast between life in the East and life in the West is startling.



West Berlin, despite the economic problems brought on by isolation, wears a general air of bustle and well-being. Cars are numerous and many of them are late models. The women are fashionably dressed. Stores along the Kurfuerstendamm display dresses that compare favorably with those in New York, London, and Paris, exquisite ladies' handbags and other leather goods, the latest in radios, phonographs, and camera equipment, and well-made toys of all descriptions. Day and night, unending streams of people flow in and out of its fine hotels and restaurants, its theatres and its elegant shops.

The re-building is impressive. Germans who fled the city during World War II return now bewildered by the growing skyline of modern office buildings. In almost one house in every block, old facades have been plastered over and interiors refurbished.

In East Berlin, the re-building is largely concentrated on one "propaganda" project. Cars are scarce. Dull faces and shabby clothes are everywhere. Children's toys, as one newspaper put it, are "guaranteed for a life of five minutes." There is far less food and merchandise on the shelves.

One thing there is no shortage of, however, is Volkspolizei (People's Police). They are Germans, not Russians, but they are decked out in khaki Soviet-style uniforms and carry tommy-guns slung over one shoulder. Most of them look like teen-agers who would be more in character toting text books than they are toting tommy-guns. Since the riots of June, 1953, these "Vopos," as they are called, usually travel in pairs. They generally leave visitors to their own devices unless someone stirs their curiosity by taking pictures.

At various points throughout East Berlin, groups of ten and twenty men and women are hard at work clearing away rubble-strewn lots. West Berlin tourist guides get a laugh out of their sightseers when they describe East Berlin as having "the finest collection of rubble to be found anywhere in all of Europe." The guides explain that the "rubble crews" volunteer their services

during their off-hours. Then the guides add, with a sly grin, that the "volunteer list" serves the Communists as an index of political reliability.

THE RUBBLE, the car-less streets and the silent pedestrians of East Berlin make a dismal picture. But there is one notable exception. That is the spectacularly impressive Stalin Allee which the Communists hail as their "first Socialist street." Begun in 1951 frankly as a showpiece for Communism, the project lines both sides of a broad boulevard for a half dozen blocks. It comprises about fifty buildings of ultra-modern design, ranging in height from seven to fourteen stories. The buildings include 2600 apartments, 150 shops and a huge Sports Palace.

The Communists have boasted in their propaganda about how "volunteer" workers, who helped with the building, have had first call on the new apartments. But rumor has it that even in this "workers' paradise," favoritism has reared its capitalistic head.

Stalin Allee is lined with state-owned stores where you can buy practically anything—if you have the money. Most East Berliners don't. A pair of imitation-leather shoes, for example, costs 130 East Marks. A couch with plain upholstery sells for between 500 and 650 Marks. But the average monthly wage of a skilled worker is only 400 Marks, and an unskilled worker gets 250 or less.

The hope of achieving a better life has driven thousands of East Berliners—and East Europeans—to seek sanctuary in West Berlin. Last year alone more than 230,000 refugees entered West Berlin from Communist territory. The vast bulk of these were flown on to West Germany to camps and reception centers, but the city had to absorb thousands of them. The stream of refugees has complicated West Berlin's acute unemployment and basic economic problems. Despite the steady improvement in recent months, the city still has 210,000 on its jobless rolls, about one out of every five members of the potential working force.

West Berlin is the only part of West Germany to which the United States continues to give economic assistance. The city is getting \$50,000,000 of the American taxpayers' money during the current fiscal year. Since 1950, the equivalent of \$1,000,000,000 has been pumped into West Berlin by the United States and the German Federal Republic.

Why, some may ask, should the United States go to so much trouble to help West Berlin?

The answer is simply this: Berlin is the one city in the world whose municipal problems are the concern of everyone in the free world.

Since V-E Day, the Russians have used every form of pressure—including blackmail and threats of starvation—to force the Berliners into submission. The Berlin gamble is the Soviet's greatest failure of the "cold war." If Russia could get the Western Big Three out of the city, it would stand to gain considerably in prestige, in power and in progress toward the Kremlin's ultimate goal of bringing all of Germany under Communist control. Russia would eliminate the Western "island" that prevents the full consolidation of East Germany under the Communists.

On the other hand, if the Western powers hold firm, they will demonstrate their determination and power to all Germany and all Europe. They will retain an invaluable "listening post" deep within Communist territory. They know that if they ever did leave Berlin under duress, they would lose whatever chance there might be of uniting Germany on a non-Communist basis.

As John J. McCloy, former U.S. High Commissioner for Germany, said recently of the West Berliners:

"They have given the rest of Germany an example of what free men, politically awake and determined, can do under almost impossible conditions when they are supported by the free world. At the same time, they have given the free world a rallying point and the inspiration to continue the struggle against the spread of slavery."



# Germ Warfare Confessions

## *The Mindzenty Pattern*

by F. C. Dire

"I PRAYED my husband back," Mrs. Schwabble told this writer. "During the two years he was away I really learned about my faith and how to pray hard. Now I am praying for all the other men—some of them the husbands of my friends—who are still prisoners somewhere in North Korea or China."

Mrs. Schwabble, an attractive woman with a controlled vivacity, went on to say that she has been going to Mass and Communion every day this past Lent—a Lent incidentally which coincides with her husband's ordeal before the military fact-finding board convened to investigate his conduct. The "germ warfare confession" investigation was happily concluded in April, and the Colonel is back on duty once more.

"I'm not a Catholic myself," the Colonel remarked, "though my wife and two children are. But I really appreciated a call I received from Father Francis Connell, the Dean of the School of Theology at Catholic University. He read to me parts of his article in the December issue of *Catholic Men* about 'torture confessions.' He told me that the Catholic Church holds men innocent of lying if they do so under duress. I've always believed myself innocent of the fantastic lies the Communists forced me to sign, but nonetheless it's good to be reassured by an expert."

During the course of the inquiry many witnesses—men who had also been POW's in North Korean including Major General Dean—and several experts gave testimony to bring into sharp focus the picture of the Communist program of brain washing and menticide.

This patter must be publicized and republished. For, as Dr. Alan Little, State Department analyst of psychological conditioning techniques, pointed out, the best protection against false "confessions" is to recognize them as refinements of various Pavlovian conditioning processes.

First, it might be well to review what is meant by Pavlovian techniques. The admittedly great Russian physiologist, Ivan P. Pavlov (whose work received the personal interest and support of Lenin) developed the theory and technique of the "conditioned response." Nearly everyone has heard of his dog experiments. Every time he fed a dog he rang a certain bell. After a while just by ringing the bell he could cause the dog to salivate and its stomach juices to flow. But not many people have realized that this approach can work with human beings. For example, a light is flashed in a man's eye at the same time a certain noise is made. After a time the man's pupil will contract when he hears the noise, even though no light is flashed. Another simple experiment is to have a man grasp two brass knobs. When a red light flashes he receives an electric shock from the left knob, when a green light flashes he receives a shock from the right knob. These shocks are enough to jerk his arm back. After a certain number of times the man's right or left hand will jerk back according to which light you flash even though you give him no electric shock. Now you disconnect the wires in his presence, you prove to him that he can receive no shocks. He decides that

he will keep his hand fixed to the knobs. Yet when you flash the lights his hands will jerk back though his mind is telling them to stay where they are. Of course, by working at it he can eventually "decondition" himself and keep his hands in place.

THIS PROCESS is not a proof that we are machines, but rather an illustration of the existence of our souls. For, though mechanistic processes may bend the arms here and there, the experiments show that a part of consciousness, the mind, still wills them to do otherwise.

Where the conditioning process becomes truly diabolical is in its refined use against mental and speech processes. Here the fiends are helped by the fact that the speech processes are so interrelated with the mental and emotional that to control a man's speech and hearing is to powerfully condition his thinking and feeling.

Dr. Little in his testimony before the court described a Russian book, the *Physiology of Speech*, which he had obtained in Moscow. Its authors boast that they can absolutely condition speech responses. "We don't know how far they have gone," said Dr. Little, "but they have obviously gone a long ways toward what they say they can do."

Another expert witness, Dr. Meerloo, a Dutch-born psychiatrist who received the "interrogation treatment" from the Nazis and has since devoted himself to the study and unmasking of what he calls the crime of menticide, commented, "The average American is un-



prepared for the Pavlovian conditioning techniques of the Communists. Because he cannot see himself mistreating and deceiving others he cannot believe they are doing so for such apparently preposterous propaganda purposes. He is more ready to believe their claims than he realizes."

Dr. Meerloo and Dr. Little, testifying independently and separately, developed the following picture of the Communist pattern of thought control. They used as examples Cardinal Mindzenty, Mr. Vogeler, and Mr. Oatis, and other less well known escapees whose experiences they have studied. What they said was corroborated many times over in truly gruesome detail by the returned American POW's who had been forced through brain washings and "confessions" in Korean and Chinese prison camps.

There are three stages to the Communist conditioning process. The first is mass propaganda practiced on a mass population. The news media, the schools, etc., are all subverted to feed only the Communist line to the people. Dr. Little described how in satellite schools last year the traditional Christmas plays were held but with several differences. Joseph and Mary became oppressed workers who eventually found haven in the Soviet Union. The children were told to call on St. Nick, etc., for their presents. Nothing happened. Then they were told to call on Stalin. Immediately the doors opened and presents were brought in. "The kids," said Dr. Little, "get the point subconsciously as well as consciously." This mass propaganda against a mass audience needs no further explanation here.

The second step, often called brain washing, is a more individualized technique applied against individuals, for example against intellectuals and leaders or potential leaders of public opinion. Some of these persons are simply given courses of lectures, coupled with threats on the one hand and rewards on the other, in how to think, live, and act like a Communist. More hardy or independent persons are degraded and dehumanized in prisons—or liquidated.

Most of those who survive a period either in solitary confinement or jammed 20 persons to a 3-man room or who last out a 60-hour "interrogation" are so broken that they no longer have any will for opposition to the Communist regime. A planned course of physical exhaustion, no food or sleep, threats, degradation, and complete separation from all mental and physical stimuli than what the Communists want a man to have, works in every case to bring death, insanity, or compliance.

The third stage—the stage Cardinal Mindzenty, Colonel Schwabble, and the other American "germ warfare confessors" underwent—is reserved for special cases. The Communists know that they cannot convert a Mindzenty, a Schwabble or a man of similar age and position to their side. Or they know the person in question would be of no special advantage to them even if he were converted at least to an apathetic supporter. But the person does have propaganda value and they want him to appear in the open and repeat before neutrals what the Communists want him to repeat. Here they adjust the treatment to avoid death and insanity if possible and yet force compliance. The victim is degraded and dehumanized. He is deprived of food, water, and sleep. Long periods without sleep have a hypnotic effect on anyone, but coupled with a bright light in the eyes, drugs, and expert "interrogators" the will-destroying effect is irresistible. The victim escapes only by fainting or falling asleep. When he does so he is awakened within an hour or half-hour, sometimes by drugs such as benzedrine, to face his "interrogators" again. After a certain amount of this, perhaps 70 hours in the case of a Mindzenty, the victim agrees to anything and signs anything shoved in front of him. But this is not enough. The Communists want to show him in public. Accordingly the process is kept up for weeks and months. The victim is allowed to hear and see nothing that is not a repetition or a "proof" of the Communists' statements or intimidations of some sort. After a while the Pavlovian bells and lights begin to flash in

his brain and he finds himself repeating mechanically whatever they say to him. Then in his solitude between interrogations the victim finds his brain repeating, elaborating, and rationalizing the words and then the ideas which have been hammered into him. Finally he is ready to appear in the courtroom or before movie cameras and repeat a story which he has come to believe is his own.

**W**HY HAVEN'T the Communists used the "confession" technique even more than they have? The process is relatively costly and no doubt often results in insanity or death rather than in a "properly conditioned response." Moreover it is a tricky weapon, even for a Communist weapon. There is always the danger that something will happen to de-condition the victim. Pavlov found that this could happen with his dogs. One day his laboratory was flooded, with the result that many of his dogs lost the elaborate conditionings he had built up in them. So with a human victim, for the sight of a friendly face in the courtroom might "untrigger" the whole process. Even a "neutral face" might do it, and this may explain why so few neutral, much less friendly faces, were permitted at the Mindzenty trial. It also explains the absence of physical torture in many cases; the acute stimulation of torture may delay or break up the conditioning responses the Communists are seeking in these special cases.

"To a psychiatrist," said Dr. Meerloo, "the picture of Cardinal Mindzenty at his trial, which was published all over the world, was a vivid clue to what had been done to him. His straining eyes and hunched figure showed a man in what we call a 'panic reaction' to a wholly horrible environment."

I might also mention that one reporter has described Colonel Schwabble as having the eyes of a man who has seen hell. I have stood and talked face to face with Colonel Schwabble and I do not think this description is an exaggeration. In New York, just before Cardinal Mindzenty left for his plane for his ill-fated return to Hungary, I had

*(Continued on page 32.)*



# Action on the Parish Front

## A Monthly Series on Holy Name Organization

by Fred A. Muth

**A**S WE GO TO PRESS WITH this the June issue of the *Holy Name Journal*, the last issue of the present activities year, we are very conscious of the fact that we must begin to discuss Holy Name work with a newly elected group of officers. These new officers are well aware of the responsibilities which have been entrusted to them. They desire to fully understand what their task is and how best to accomplish it. With them we must look ahead to the next activities year and assist them to make a success of it.

In an effort to do this effectively, may we sit down, as it were, with the newly elected officers and look into the following important items before launching into our work for the year:

1. Do we as officers of the Holy Name Society understand the history, purpose, and benefits of the Confraternity which we have been chosen to lead? It is important that we have this background information. It can be readily acquired by securing an Official Officers Handbook and reading the same.

2. Do each of us have a thorough knowledge and responsibilities of our individual office in the Society? The necessity for this is self-evident. A complete outline of these duties and responsibilities is included in the handbook mentioned above.

3. Do we recognize the primary activities of the Society which we must plan and program for, namely, the monthly corporate Communion and meeting as well as other periodic spiritual and social activities?

4. Are we aware that careful

consideration must be given to the matter of membership recruiting and maintenance?

### Summer Planning Session

Experience has proven that a president who is interested in promoting a successful administration in his parish Holy Name Society will begin by calling a meeting of all his fellow officers and committee chairmen shortly after being elected and installed. This meeting becomes a summer planning session and should be held no later than the end of June. At this meeting the officers must determine the status of their Society. They must look over the record, as the saying goes, and determine what they wish to accomplish during their administration.

For the convenience of officers, and as a general guide, the following program plan for the activities year September, 1954, to June, 1955, is presented. The individual monthly programs will be developed in detail in these columns each month, beginning with this issue. These monthly programs involve the monthly Communion Mass and the meeting of the Society.

### 1954-1955 Program

**SEPTEMBER:** Fathers' and Daughters' Month. A joint Corporate Communion Mass for all the fathers and daughters of the parish. A special meeting program designed to interest all fathers and daughters and to initially interest the men of the parish in the Holy Name Society. Communion Intention: "The Sanctity of the Home."

**OCTOBER:** Membership Month. Special membership promotion projects. Past Officers' Month. Tribute to all past officers of the Society. Special Marian Year Pilgrimage during this the month of the Rosary. Communion Intention: "The Conversion of Russia."

**NOVEMBER:** All Souls' Month. Memorial Month. The Communion Mass and special prayers are offered for the repose of the souls of all deceased members. A special memorial program is suggested for the meeting. A fitting observance of Armistice Day should also be included. Communion Intention: "The Repose of the Souls of Departed Members."

**DECEMBER:** Local Ordinary Month. A spiritual bouquet of Communions for the Ordinary of the Diocese. Christmas program at the meeting. A charitable project in conjunction with the St. Vincent de Paul Society. Communion Intention: "Our Beloved Bishop."

**JANUARY:** Patronal Feast Month. The Feast of the Most Holy Name of Jesus. Reception of Patronal Feast Day class of new members. A Holy Name Triduum, Rally, or Holy Hour as a special observance of the Patronal Feast. Communion Intention: "The Blessing of God Upon the Holy Name Society."

**FEBRUARY:** Catholic Press Month. Patriotic Month. Promotion of the Catholic Press through talks, exhibits, and special subscription promotions. By all means, a special effort to encourage Holy Name men to subscribe to the Diocesan paper and the *Holy Name Journal*. A patriotic program



woven around the precepts of our Holy Name Pledge, a man's pledged allegiance to God and country. Scout Sunday offers additional program suggestions. Communion Intention: "The Welfare of Our Country and Officials in Public Life."

**MARCH:** Father and Son Month. This is the month of St. Joseph, the exemplar of all Catholic fathers. A general Communion Sunday for all fathers and sons of the parish. Program theme: Family Leadership, today and tomorrow. Communion Intention: "My Dad," "My Son."

**APRIL:** Spiritual Directors' Month. A Spiritual Bouquet of Communions for your parish spiritual director as an expression of appreciation for his interest and guidance. Program arranged as a tribute to the spiritual director. Holy Thursday All-Night Vigil. Appointment of nominating Committee. Communion Intention: "Our Spiritual Director."

**MAY:** Mothers' Month. Special observance of nationally recognized Mothers' Day. Mothers and wives to join Holy Name men on this occasion at Mass and Holy Communion. A special Mothers' Day program should also be included in meeting program. Election of Officers. Communion Intention: "My Mother."

**JUNE:** Catholic Education Month. Reception of eighth grade boy graduates into Holy Name Society. Promotion of Catholic education. Installation of officers. Communion Intention: "Religious Vocations."

As stated above, these foregoing programs will be discussed in detail in these columns as the months go on. A complete analysis of all these programs plus many additional program hints, techniques, and suggestions can also be secured by writing National Headquarters and ordering a copy of "Practical Programming For Holy Name Officers."

### September Program

Since it is our intent to discuss the monthly program at least thirty days in advance, and since the *Holy Name*

*Journal* is not published during July and August, we wish to outline the September program at this time.

The opening salute of your administration as an officer shall be the September Corporate Communion and meeting of the Society. The first month's program will set the pace for the entire year. Your Holy Name members will be likely to pre-judge your performance on the basis of your opening program.

Being creatures of habit, to a certain degree, Holy Name men might have slipped into a phlegmatic condition during the summer vacation period which generally sees few organized activities and few if any important meetings. A special attraction will be needed to rekindle the spark of Holy Name enthusiasm. You will want to start your year of activity with a successful program. You want a large attendance. You want to sell your Society to the men of your parish and you will want to keep them sold. Here is a typical opening gun program that will answer all your wants in September.

### Fathers and Daughters Day

Conduct a joint Corporate Communion Mass for all the fathers and daughters of the parish. Don't be content to use your Holy Name roster in sending out the invitation to participate. Make it a parish event of significance. Secure the cooperation of the Young Ladies Sodality of your parish. Request your pastor to announce the event from the pulpit for a few Sundays in advance. Publicize the activity in your church bulletin and set up a few posters for your church vestibule and meeting halls.

Be sure to assemble in the school before Mass and march in procession into the church. Seat the fathers and daughters together in church. Make the event attractive enough so that no one, father or daughter, will want to miss this special occasion.

The Communion Intention recommended for the month of September in keeping with the program of the

day is "The Sanctity of the Home." Ask the fathers and daughters to remember this intention in their prayers at Holy Communion. Include an announcement of this Communion Intention in your notices and bulletins.

### September Meeting

What about your meeting plan for September—or, as a matter of fact, what are your meeting plans for the year? A monthly meeting is essential if you intend to hold the interest and enthusiasm of your membership. We should like to recommend the Sunday morning breakfast meeting. It is a natural. It blends in with the program of the month and really attracts greater numbers of our men.

For the September Father and Daughter Day, allow us to recommend the following meeting suggestions:

1. Invite the daughters to attend the meeting with their dads. If you sell the daughters on your organization you will have developed super-salesmen for your Society of the future.

2. Invite an appropriate speaker to address the meeting, one with a message of interest to both fathers and daughters.

3. Conduct the regular order of business even though you have special guests. Announce your program for the year to the members.

4. Turn over the entertainment feature of the meeting to the young ladies. They can and will provide you with a few minutes of excellent entertainment.

5. Present a suitable prize, possibly a Blessed John of Vercelli statue, to the father with the largest number of daughters present. Give a Holy Name Rosary to the fathers with the youngest and the oldest daughter in attendance.

6. Remember this September meeting is your first of the season. It must become an attendance builder for the future. Plan as though this were the only event of the year—then work your plan.



# Pilgrims Have Progressed

by Barry Ford

In the days of faith, spiritual wayfarers trod venturesome paths no longer known to men.

**T**HAT THE pioneers who blazed the trails have descendants who burn up the roads is no secret. It's less well known, however, that in older parts of the world than this country, many of those pioneer trails which have become trans-continental highways originally were charted by our forefathers in the Faith trudging to the Catholic pilgrimage shrines of Europe.

From the Crucifixion until the Reformation, most of the traveling in the Christian world was done by pilgrims. Keeping up with the Joneses in those days required little more than good feet and a liking for hiking.

Today because the Pope has appealed for special devotions at Our Lady's special shrines during the Marian year, pilgrims are on the prowl in greater numbers than at any time since the Reformation. But with what a difference!

While modern pilgrims may travel with all the luxuries the budget allows, the trail blazers explicitly followed Our Lord's instructions to the Apostles to "take nothing for the way but a staff only, no scrip nor bread nor money in their purse."

To believe that because there was no rapid transit, Joe Citizen of fifteen hundred years ago didn't get around would be as false as Chaucer's inference that medieval pilgrims were generally a roistering lot. Some, of course, were jolly voyagers, certain characters in every age and walk of life have as confused a viewpoint as a couple of Irish tinkers who decided to make the pilgrimage to Lough Derg.

On the way, Pat and Mike got into a brawl that ended in a murder trial. Asked what they could say in their own defense, Pat spoke up.

"We knocked him out with a shillalegh, Your Honor. Then we searched the body and found two shillings and a hame sandwich on him. We divided the money and ate the bread and threw the ham away. Then we left him in the bog."

"But why," the judge asked, "did you throw the ham away?"

"Sure, Your Honor," Pat explained, "it was a Friday."

Pilgrimages, according to the Catholic Encyclopedia, are not a devotional practice on which we Catholics have a corner. Though Protestant sects discovered their value only in the past few years, primitive tribes ages before Christianity believed in the greater potency of prayers at specific spots and trekked to some mountain eyrie or some raging river because the howl of the wind or the rush of water proved some mighty god was in residence there.

While authorities credit these ancient tribesmen with initiating pilgrimages, they also admit that the heartstrings of all God's chillun are bound up in places with significant personal associations. This sentiment for cherished memories took the first pilgrims to Nazareth, Jerusalem and Bethlehem after the Crucifixion, to see the background in which Our Lord had lived and to revive memories of His life in visiting places He had made sacred.

Though the first Christian pilgrims set

their sights for the Holy Land, the martyrs stood so high in public esteem, as long ago as 269 A.D., that a new convert traveled all the way from his home town in Persia to venerate the relics in the catacombs.

When one of the Popes granted an indulgence for a pilgrimage, the anxiety to share the spiritual credits put the whole Christian world on its feet, so to speak. One authority says that a million pilgrims arrived in Rome during a six week period. In penance and in thanksgiving, saints and sinners took to the road.

**F**OR most of us who are anchored to the home front by the restrictions of a bank balance or domestic responsibilities, a pilgrimage is only a wistful dream. But if the privileges given the original globetrotters were granted today, most of us could be on the move. Possibly because pilgrimages were a means of spreading the new Faith around the world, the Church and civil authority worked together to make it so easy for everyone "to get away," it's surprising anyone stayed home.

From the time a pilgrim started out, his taxes were cancelled, protection of his family was guaranteed, his business was taken care of as if he were on the premises and his creditors were out of luck. Also, from beginning to end, even if a pilgrimage entailed a whole year, it could be made without cost to the pilgrim. Under the Pope's own order that pilgrims be bedded and fed free, monasteries and other religious houses had a





CATHOLIC ARABS AT RIVER JORDAN SITE OF THE BAPTISM

continuous stream of guests. Some establishments even exceeded Papal requirements and sent the pilgrim on his way to the merry jingle of a few coins in his pocket for spending money at the shrine.

But in spite of the privileges and the prestige accorded a pilgrim, the project was anything but fun. Bare feet and the wearing of the same clothing either in plunging knee deep through the snows of Switzerland or pounding the burning sands of Syria are only for the stout hearted. That the part of the journey to the Holy Land involving boat travel was not exactly de luxe can be gathered from a volume warning pilgrims to "chose a place on deck near the rail, for inside it is right evil and smouldering hot and stinking."

As Christianity spread, oratories where saints had lived, places where apparitions occurred and the sites of martyrdoms peppered Europe with pilgrim shrines.

From all corners of the world, Our Lady's devotees came to scramble up the lonely peaks of Einseideln, where, with St. Meinrad's help, miracles showered. Scarcely anyone in the British Isles failed to get to Walsingham where a duplicate of the Holy House of Loretto was believed to have been erected by angels.

In an age where everyone had a vivid devotion to the patron saint of his profession or trade, every Guild organized pilgrimages to the shrine of its patron.

The sick and the maimed flocked to the sanctuaries of saints associated with certain diseases. Sufferers from skin disorders crowded to Vienna seeking cures at the oratory sheltering the skin stripped from St. Bartholomew in his martyrdom. Genoa, where the head of St. John the Baptist is still enshrined (and from which women are excluded because a woman caused him to be beheaded), was the goal of those afflicted by headaches. St. Etheldreda, whose church is the only pre-Reformation church in London still in Catholic hands, was sympathetic with throat troubles, as she had died from an abcess in the throat.

**W**HEN Venantius Fortunatus pilgrimaged to the tomb of St. Martin of Tours and was cured of an eye ailment in 565, he remained in thanksgiving long enough to compose *Vexilla Regis* and, in unrhymed verse, *Pange Lingua*.

If the fathers of the Church rejoiced in the apparent piety of their flock, the frenzy for traveling to shrines made some churchmen skeptical that fervor might be pushing people to travel when they ought to be home taking care of their families. St. John Chrysostom went on the record as announcing, "There is no need for anyone to cross the seas or take long journeys to pray, but each of us at home invoke God earnestly and He will hear our prayers." In spite of this opinion, St. John's tomb in St.

Sophia's in Constantinople, in later years, was high on the pilgrim's hit parade.

Not only were pilgrimages voluntary journeys of intercession or thanksgiving. Some were imposed as penances. Today a modern confessor inflicts only a token atonement for our sins, but time was when the severity of the penance had a more direct relation to the offence. Rather than house criminals at government expense for a long stretch, a convict might be condemned to a pilgrimage. With his arms shackled together and chains looped around his neck to identify his status, a condemned man would be started on the journey with documents to be signed at the appointed shrine to prove the sentence was carried out. The four shrines designated as punishment for grave crimes were (1) the tombs of the Apostles in Rome, (2) the tomb of St. James at Compostella in Spain, (3) the tomb of St. Thomas of Canterbury in England and (4) the relics of the Magi at Cologne in Germany.

Lesser offences were handled at local sanctuaries. Walsall in England had a miraculous pool to which nagging women were sent on pilgrimage by their confessors. At the pool they were held in the chilly water while prayers were recited that the gifts of mildness and benignity be given them. The city's archives still record the cure of a "common scold and a sower of strife among her neighbors, who misbehaved her tongue toward her mother-in-law."

**N**EITHER the spiritual benefit nor the punishment of the individual was the only value in a pilgrimage. The whole world profited. Pilgrims from Europe absorbed the culture of the East. People everywhere became tolerant as they learned of one another, and as every pilgrim was bound to help every other wayfarer, a warm spirit of brotherhood prevailed in the world. Various arts and crafts ceased to be exclusive to one country.

From the Moors, Europe learned the  
(Continued on page 30.)



# That You May Have Peace

by V. F. Kienberger, O. P.

**H**OLY MOTHER THE CHURCH has dedicated the month of June to the world-wide devotion, well propagated these latter years, of the honoring of the Blessed Christ's compassionate Heart. The source of this devotion is the mystery of the Incarnation, the "enfleshment" or the taking on of a body by the Blessed Christ. The Son of God took unto Himself the nature of man. St. Paul explained this stupendous doctrine to his converts at Philippi, saying, "Christ Jesus dispossessed himself, and took the nature of a slave, fashioned in the likeness of men, and presenting himself to us in human form; and then he lowered his own dignity, accepted an obedience which brought him to death, death on a cross" (Phil. 2:9).

In taking to Himself a real human body, He became like us in all things, save sin and concupiscence. The Incarnation is not the conversion of the flesh into the Godhead. It is not the fusion of two natures into a third nature. It is the assumption of our humanity by the Person of the Son of God. The human and divine natures are thus united yet remain distinct.

Gold and iron when melted together become a solid, yet they remain two distinct metals. Hence the Sacred Countenance, Heart, and Hands of the Saviour are the Holy Face, Sacred Heart, Healing Hands of God. Since, once united, the two natures will never again be separated, it follows that the bruised body of Christ in the Tomb of Joseph of Arimathea was worthy of honor. The human Heart of the Lord Jesus is worthy of honor for this same reason, yet not as mere flesh but because it is hypostatically united to the Divinity.

The word, hypostatic, comes from the Greek, like so many other words in our

language. The theological term "hypostatic union" used with reference to the Incarnation, expresses the revealed truth that in Christ one person subsists in two natures, the Divine and the human. The Council of Chalcedon, in 451, declared that in Christ Jesus the two natures, each retaining its own properties, are united in one substance and in one person. They are not joined in a moral or accidental union nor commingled, yet nevertheless they are substantially united.

In the long ago when the Lord Jesus walked through Galilee, Judea, and Samaria, the simple folk knew that He was a man of the people. He stopped to talk with the children at their play. When they saw Him they romped to His side. Those who believed in Him, could address Him, saying, "This (Divine Person) now is bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh" (Gen. 2:23). Jesus lived their frugal life. He greeted them in familiar speech. His homespun, seamless robe proclaimed Him a native Galilean. His humble manner and friendliness showed that He loved simple folk. "He did not see, in the rank of Godhead, a prize to be coveted" (Phil. 7:7). He was never condescending, nor did He ever show consciousness of superiority. He was all things to all men. His boundless love of people attracted them to seek Him in trouble, in sickness and when death had entered their homes. St. Mark relates, "And they kept coming to him from every direction (St. Mark 1:45).

People witnessed His cures. They marveled at His patience. "All were full of astonishment. . . . See how he has authority to lay his commands even on the unclean spirits and they obey him! And the story of his doings at once spread through the whole region of

Galilee" (St. Mark, 1:28). Even His critics were amazed at His prompt healing of the leper, the grievously tormented and the demoniacs. Grudgingly they beheld His charities in behalf of shut-ins, derelicts and outcasts. The Pharisees were forced to testify, "Do you see how vain are our efforts? Look, the whole world has turned aside to follow him" (St. John 12:19).

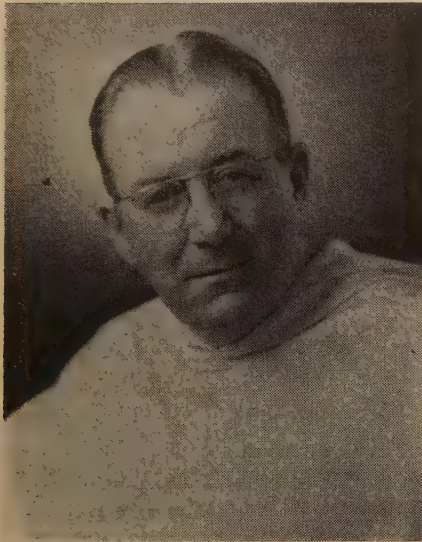
**T**HE FRIENDLY FACES of the simple villagers welcomed the Master to their unpretentious homes. He would make as if to go further, that they might compel Him by love's force to tarry with them. They thronged Him, says the Evangelist. When He spoke, the wondrous tones of His strong voice, brought quiet into agonized hearts and peace into troubled minds. He assured them, saying, "If you ask the Father anything in my name, he will give it to you" (St. John 16:23). The people hung on every word which the kindly Master spoke. They greatly rejoiced saying, "Now at last in these times God has spoken to us, with a Son to speak for him, a Son, whom he has appointed to inherit all things . . . a Son, who is the radiance of his Father's splendor, and the full expression of his being, all Creation depends, for its support, on his enabling word" (Heb. 1:3).

The youthful Rabboni's ministry in Galilee was most fruitful. He devoted Himself with tender zeal and "taught in their synagogue and was honored by all" (St. Luke 7:16). Lovingly and gratefully the people applauded the teacher that taught love of God and neighbor and stressed the mercy of God. But they loved Him most because He was one of them Who reached out His healing hands to cure the sick, poor, the destitute, the leper. The common folk knew that Christ was their Brother and that no prodigal ever journeyed too far that His pity, mercy and forgiveness could not reach him. So they made psalmody in their hearts for so gentle a Saviour, Who had assured them, saying, "These things I have spoken to you that in me you may have peace" (St. John 16:33).



# NEWS AND VIEWS

Harry C. Graham, O.P.



H. C. GRAHAM, O.P.

*Blessed John of Vercelli,  
Founder of the Holy Name Society,  
Pray for us.*

Our special novena to Blessed John of Vercelli held last month was successfully concluded with the completion of the final Mass in the series offered at the Holy Name altar in St. Vincent Ferrer's, New York City. During the novena our recently acquired relic of Blessed John, a sizable section of the staff he carried throughout a long period of his lifetime, was exposed on the altar. The ebony-like wooden section encased in a heavy, elaborately designed reliquary was suspended above the middle of the altar.

Though the formal spring novena in honor of the founder of the Holy Name Society is over, we remind

faithful clients of Blessed John that a continuing novena of Masses is offered each Thursday throughout the year. Petitions may be sent to National Headquarters at any time.

#### At Confraternities Conference

Father Graham, who customarily fills these pages with monthly news of the Holy Name Society throughout the country, has been away from the office recently to attend a Dominican Rosary confraternities conference in Fatima, the great shrine site of Our Lady. In a letter from Portugal he reports that it is estimated that a million people assembled at Fatima for the May ceremonies. "The night of the twelfth and the day of the thirteenth were magnificent. Never saw anything like it," Father Graham writes.

Although the Dominican conference had to do with the Rosary Confraternity, we have strong suspicions that Father Graham did not let the occasion pass without getting in a lot of wholesale propaganda on behalf of our Holy Name Confraternity. To make certain that such would be the case, the Holy Name Director had shipped ahead of him a considerable quantity of Holy Name literature for distribution at Fatima. All delegates of the fourteen countries represented might not be able to understand the English language, but from our Holy Name handbooks and other literature they will obtain some notion of the way our Society is propagated in the United States.

#### Named For Blessed John

When a little group of Third Order of St. Dominic men who met for their monthly chapter meetings at Mary Immaculate Hospital in Jamaica, Long Island, began to grow in numbers, they decided that they should regroup in a new and independent Third Order chapter. Forty-five tertiaries strong, the Diocese of Brooklyn men with the approval of the Archbishop and the Dominican authorities proud-

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With Father Graham abroad to attend the Rosary Confraternity Conference, at Fatima, this month's "News And Views" is written by Father Thomas Shanley, O.P.

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ly banded together, and they are now the Dominicans of the *Blessed John of Vercelli* Chapter, named for the Father of the Holy Name. We wish them every success and ask their prayers for the canonization of Blessed John.

#### Holy Name Auto Plaque

An attractive but simple medallion-plaque has been offered National Headquarters for distribution to all Holy Name diocesan and parochial units. Intended for display on automobile plates or tags, the medallions bear the familiar Holy Name emblem and the inscription "Blessed Be The





Russell Zito Photo

**MOST REV. JAMES A. McNULTY, BISHOP OF PATERSON, congratulates new Diocesan Holy Name president James O'Shea at 17th annual convention in Paterson, New Jersey. In group, l. to r., are Robert Shelton, 1st vice-president; George Barton, treasurer; Andrew Pisarcik, marshal; Bishop McNulty; Rt. Rev. Msgr. Joseph O'Sullivan, Diocesan Holy Name Director; Mr. O'Shea; Frank Koller, secretary; and James McErlane, 2nd vice-president.**

Washington, D. C., there were 500 delegates representing 88 parishes at the annual Archdiocesan Union of Holy Name Societies convention held in Holy Comforter Church. . . . 1500 Holy Name men from the Chicago area represented their parishes at this year's Holy Name Officers Training School. . . . Nineteen parishes of the area banded together for a Holy Name sponsored Holy Hour in Frankfort, New York. . . . Led by their Bishop, Most Rev. Gerald Berry, Holy Name men of the Halifax Archdiocesan Union of Holy Name Societies expected a great demonstration of faith at the Marian Hour held at the Halifax Exhibition Grounds. . . . Believe it or not, there were more than 130 teams entered in the Boston Archdiocesan Holy Name Union bowling tournament, the last we heard. And from the same Archdiocese comes word that 1500 Holy Name men are expected to attend the Greater Lynn Holy Name Societies Communion Breakfast on June 13 at the North Shore Sports Center, Lynn, Massachusetts.

It was a Saturday—not a Sunday—when the men of the Holy Name Society of the Industrial Insurance Men of Greater New York held their fourteenth annual Communion Mass and Breakfast. Both the church, St. Francis of Assisi, and the hotel, Hotel Statler, are in downtown New York, but 775 men of the vocational division were in attendance. The insurance men are to have a retreat in November and, to benefit the work of the sisters at the Rosary Hill Cancer Home, Hawthorne, New York, will conduct their fourth annual charity ball, November 12.

### Holy Name Scholarships

Scholarships to Catholic schools are awarded annually by the Police Department Holy Name Society of the Archdiocese of New York. Granted to sons and daughters of members of the Society, five scholarships for qualifying boys and five for qualifying girls were announced last week.

Delegates and parish representatives from all over the Diocese of Paterson also heard talks by Most Rev. James A. McNulty, Bishop of Paterson, and the Rev. Thomas Shanley, O.P., of New York, Assistant National Director of the Holy Name Society.

### Brooklyn Holy Name Rally

The annual rally and parade of the Brooklyn Diocesan Holy Name Union is to be held on June 6. The parade will form in two sections and march into Ebbets Field.

This year the Holy Name parade and rally is being planned as part of the Brooklyn Diocese celebration of the Marian Year. The slogan of the parade is "To Jesus Through Mary."

### For the Record

The Cleveland Diocesan Holy Name Union, which set for itself a goal of 10,000 new members in its spring membership drive, counted 35,000 Holy Name men enrolled in the Diocese in advance of the drive. . . . In

Holy Name of Jesus," in gold on blue. A limited number of samples are available to diocesan directors and leaders who would be interested in quantity orders.

### Paterson Holy Name Convention

For its seventeenth annual meeting, the Paterson, New Jersey, Federation of Holy Name Societies assembled at the Catholic Community Center in Paterson to hear a full slate of Sussex, Morris and Passaic County reports which detailed a varied and complete variety of Holy Name activities. Under the chairmanship of James O'Shea, who is the newly elected Diocesan president, the meeting disclosed ever increasing efforts in decent literature work, Eucharistic vigils, retreats, hospital religious services assistance, speakers bureau services and similar Holy Name programs. Monsignor Joseph M. O'Sullivan, of Hawthorne, New Jersey, Diocesan Director, paid tribute to the officers and Holy Name men for their successful year of work.



# Sanctuary In The Desert

*by James Norman*

Half hidden in a remote area of Central Mexico, in a region remindful of the thorny terrain of the Holy Lands, there is a shrine which attracts as many as five thousand people to its doors each week. The pilgrims come on foot, crossing mountains, traveling hundreds of miles, enduring unusual privations in order to reach the amazing Sanctuary of Jesus of Nazareth at Atotonilco, in the Mexican state of Guanajuato.

Although American visitors to Mexico are acquainted with the revered

shrine of the Blessed Virgin of Guadalupe, near Mexico City, few have ever heard of Atotonilco, one of the most visited and most remarkable religious centers in the Americas. But ask any humble Mexican Indian if he knows of it and his face will light up. His dream is to make a pilgrimage there and to attend the religious exercises.

Atotonilco is unique. Located miles from any town, about midway between the picturesque colonial city of San Miguel de Allende and the village of



Elaborate Chapel of Calvary

Dolores Hidalgo, Atotonilco's chapels, its retreat-house and its Exercises of Saint Ignatius which are held there each week, are famous throughout Mexico. Although the majority of its visitors







Pilgrims pray and sing their way to Sanctuary of Atotonilco

are uneducated and poor, the Sanctuary is a rich cultural and religious treasure house. It is a repository for some of the finest paintings, sculpture and murals in this hemisphere. And week after week the Sanctuary draws more people to its doors than does many a theater. Its kitchens feed thousands of mouths daily, while its modern hospital serves as a kind of Mayo clinic for the poor and faithful of the land.

The story behind this remote retreat, which serves the Mexican Indian as a sort of Our Lady of Lourdes and Saint Anne de Beaupre, is, in part, the story of two priests who lived two hundred years apart—Father Luis Felipe Neri de Alfaro, builder of the Sanctuary, and his modern disciple, Father José Mercadillo Miranda.

**B**ACK IN 1740, Father Alfaro, a saint-like man admired for his deep humility and devotion to the Sacred Passion, turned over the first ground for the chapels and retreat-house. In a novena he composed later, he described the area he had chosen to build upon as a place

Retreat activities fill a busy week







File of devout men approaches chapel

that intrigued him because of its resemblance to the Holy Lands. "In the beginning," he wrote, "Atotonilco was like a wilderness where only thorns grow."

Father Alfaro had no funds, no parish to support his project. Yet with inspired persistence, laboring with his own hands, with the help of a few devoted but unskilled Indians, and using the raw materials of the countryside, he built one of the most beautiful shrines in the New World. Atotonilco is no tiny crudely carpentered chapel, but rather an elaborate group of edifices. There are a series of jewel-like chapels, a huge retreat-house with patios, sleeping quarters and kitchens.

Though the bulk of the work was done without outside help, an occasional traveler or neighbor sometimes helped Father Alfaro with small contributions. Written in archaic Spanish on the heavy doors of the Holy Sepulcher and Calvary chapels, which were added later, one finds the tale of how such help was received and how the Sanctuary grew.

"Christmas Eve, Friday 24th of December, 1749," the legend on the door reads, "the priest in charge of his Sanctuary, after celebrating Holy Mass, personally traced and marked out the groundworks of the Holy Chapel of Bethlehem; he took a crowbar and opened up the first square meter, and the laborers then continued it. At five in the evening a passerby stopped and asked what work was being started. Replied to, he gave three pesos which was

paid the laborers for their first day's work."

Inspired by Father Alfaro's burning zeal and intense devotion to the Passion, a remarkable though unknown artist, Miguel Antonio Martínez de Pocasangre, covered almost every inch of wall and ceiling in the various chapels with frescos and murals depicting the life, passion and resurrection of the Savior. According to the noted contemporary muralist and architect, Juan O'Gorman, and Doctor Alexander von Wuthenau, the leading authority in Latin America on colonial art, the paintings by Pocasangre are undoubtedly the finest examples of religious murals to be found anywhere in Mexico.

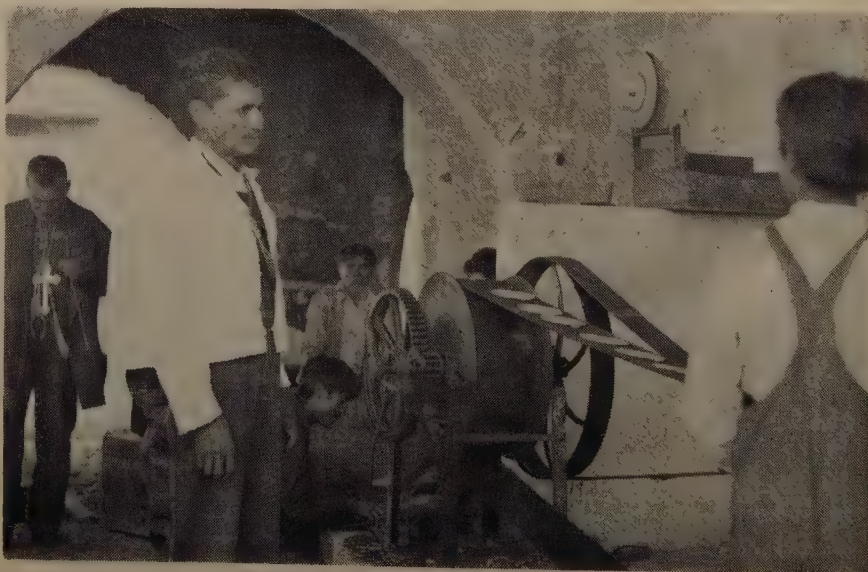
On July 20, 1748, long before the United States existed as a nation, the basic structure of the shrine at Atotonilco was completed. On that day of dedication a Miraculous Image of Jesus of Nazareth was placed on the main altar. The following February the Bishop of Michoacán celebrated Mass at Atotonilco. He granted the Sanctuary permission to house the Sacraments and, in addition, bestowed an Indulgence of forty days upon all the faithful who made pilgrimages there.

In the decades that followed literally millions of people came to the shrine. At the outbreak of Mexico's struggle for independence from Spain in 1810, the Sanctuary figured importantly in those patriotic events. Another remarkable priest, Father Miguel Hidalgo y Costilla, parish priest in nearby Dolores, and the George Washington of Mexico, led his tiny army of patriots to Atotonilco, and he borrowed a painting of the Virgin of Guadalupe from the place. This banner became the standard beneath which the victorious insurgent forces rallied.

LATER, this shrine with its magnificent traditions and important art works came upon bad days. During the social upheavals that shook Mexico following the turn of this century, the chaplains at Atotonilco were persecuted and driven out. The Sanctuary was occupied by various revolutionary bands. During the

*(Continued on page 36.)*

Tortillas for hungry pilgrims ride to oven on belt





# Reputation

## --- And The Evil Of Detraction

by Richard M. McKeon, S. J.

**"Do not judge, that you may not be judged. For with what judgment you judge, you shall be judged."**

**I**N VIEW of government "hearings," communist investigations and other personal disclosures, the question of one's good name or reputation has become very important. For every man has a right to his good name. Without a good name a man will not enjoy peace in his community life or success in business. Great firms value their products, protect them by trade marks and rely on costly tests and controls to maintain quality and reputation. How true the words of Shakespeare are in our own day:

*"Good name in man or woman  
Is the immediate jewel of the soul.  
Who steals my purse steals trash . . .  
But he who filches me of my good name  
Robs me of that which not enriches him,  
And makes me poor indeed."*

—Act III, Othello.

Accordingly, it is well to have a clear understanding of the evils of detraction and calumny. Detraction is an unjust injury to the good name of another perpetrated by revealing without good reason a true but hidden fault or crime. Calumny or slander is the imputation of false defects to another, as in the injury done another when lies are told about him.

True and public crimes do not fall under detraction. Such is the case when the existence of the crime has been established by a court. However, crimes known within private communities, as

in a college or other closed group, must not be told outside. Former crimes of men now reformed should not be brought to light again.

By calumny and by the revelation of real crime which serves neither the common private good is committed an unjust injury to a man's good name. A serious injury is a grave sin. If the injury is slight, it would be a venial sin. Circumstances will alter the gravity of the sin. Even listening to detraction and calumny may easily violate charity.

When one sins through detraction or calumny, he is under the obligation of restoring the reputation injured. He is likewise bound to restore other losses sustained on account of the unjust act. If a reputation has been seriously injured, the obligation of restitution is grave and must be met even at great personal inconvenience. The calumniator must admit that he spoke falsely; the detractor must build up the injured reputation by excusing the faults and praising the other's virtues. Moralists give certain reasons which excuse restitution.

In the New York *Herald-Tribune Magazine* for November 18, 1928, there was published an article entitled "The Age of Detraction" by Charles Edward Russell. It exposed how a certain group of writers of that period was attempting to destroy the reputation of our national heroes. "In the last fifteen years a flood of books has appeared in this country

about American historical epochs and historical men. Most of these books have managed among them to cover with an oozy contempt the whole of our story, from the landing of the first settlers to the entry into the World War. Apparently, this country never did a decent thing and never produced a worthy man."

The author showed the wide extent of mud-slinging tactics on dead soldiers, statesmen, writers. Rightly did he blame the publishing houses concerned and the reviewers who praise such detraction. George Washington was not spared by the muck rakers. President Calvin Coolidge hit hard at this attack when, gazing out the White House window, he said: "Well, the monument is still there."

**W**HY do people attack others' reputations? Father Devas, S.J., once set forth four reasons. The first reason was a deliberate desire to lower the reputations of others in the hearer's estimation, either through jealousy or to justify the scandal-mongers, because perhaps they had done the very same thing themselves. He claimed that people often talked injuriously about others whom they did not know less from a want of charity as because of a morbid hankering after sins they themselves were not bold enough to commit.

Another reason, and a very contemptible one, was sheer vanity—a liking to point out the faults of others, especially to some temptation from which the finger pointers consider themselves free. Finally, idleness and an empty mind make it easy to dwell on and discuss the failings of others. The remedy for all this wretched enmity is to focus the mind on matters worthwhile and beautiful.



Love of neighbor is the great commandment next to love of God. "Love thinks no evil." And the words of Jesus should be our guide: "Judge not, and you shall not be judged; condemn not, and you shall not be condemned; forgive, and you shall be forgiven." What, then, is rash judgment which is responsible for many of our daily troubles? It is making a judgment without sufficient reason, on mere suspicion. I commit the sin of rash judgment if without sufficient reason I believe something harmful to another's character. And since people who make such judgments like to broadcast, slander and ruined reputations follow. It is regretted that for these the Federal Communications Commission has no control over bridge-club gossip stations.

Here the words of Nathaniel Hawthorne come to mind. He once wrote: "It is a comfortable thought that the smallest and most turbid mud-puddle can contain its own picture of heaven. Let us remember this when we feel inclined to deny all spiritual life to some people, in whom, nevertheless, Our Father may perhaps see the image of His face." Hawthorne's daughter became a nun, Mother Rose Hawthorne, and she devoted her life to the care of so-called human mud-puddles, people afflicted with incurable cancer.

**D**ETRACTION and calumny enter into the field of industrial relations. As we write, a strike is going on in a local industry. The company and its president have filed a million dollar libel suit against the union. On the other hand, several cases of blacklisting have come to our recent attention. What is blacklisting? Blacklisting is keeping a vindictive record of men known to be union members and circulating it among other employers. This is a despicable practice which has injured both workers and their families. It forced many workers to sign the infamous yellow-dog contract whereby they agreed not to join or support a union.

Public reaction against this practice brought forth anti-blacklisting laws in

more than twenty-five states. The temptation to use the blacklist continues, for it is very hard to prove that such has been used. In a great industrial city the president of the central trades council is a man whose father had been blacklisted years ago. As a result his mother was forced to work outside the home. He has never forgotten this hardship and it has colored his actions in dealing with management.

From many sources we have collected short quotations which will throw light on the question of detraction and calumny. Father Rickaby wrote that: "You need not fear detraction so long as you have a kindly feeling towards the person you speak of, but beware how you speak ill of the man you dislike." Shakespeare has many things to say about the topic: "The purest treasure mortal times afford is spotless reputation; that away, men are but gilded loam or painted clay." Again, "For slander lives upon succession, forever housed where it gets pos-

session."

Father Faber reminds us, "To attack other men's faults is to do the devil's work for him; to do God's work is to attack our own." Often we condemn in others what we are guilty of ourselves. St. Francis de Sales warns, "We must never undervalue any person. The workman loves not that his work should be despised in his presence. Now God is everywhere and every person is His handiwork."

Accordingly we should examine our conscience frequently in regard to these sins of the tongue. The reputation of our neighbor is a precious thing. And we are bound to injure our own character when we attack the reputation of others. If we are not prompted to say good things, at least let us be silent about another's faults. Pope Clement XIV has said: "The first rule of Christian charity is to believe no evil if we have not seen it, and to be silent if we have seen it."

## Renewing Your Spiritual Strength

There is not much in big industry which we can admire wholeheartedly, but we see the wisdom of the annual inventory when the ordinary routine is interrupted to check the progress of the company. A Retreat might be called an inventory for the soul, a chance to see whether you are "in the black" or "in the red" in the books of life. No good general likes to withdraw from the fight, but every one of them does see the wisdom of making a strategic withdrawal from the battle front to recuperate his forces and to prepare for the continuance of the campaign. A Retreat is like that for it takes us away from life's battle front to prepare us for a more successful fight against the world, the flesh and the devil. Once in the year you can withdraw yourself from business worries, family cares, and other worldly distractions to enjoy refreshment of spirit, fine companionship, and prayerful union with God. In the bustle of modern life, Retreats are necessary to prepare our Catholic leaders for Catholic living. The Holy Father, Bishops, Priests, and Sisters make annual Retreats—why not also the layman, who is faced with even greater dangers and temptations? You give the greater part of every year to your work and your business but some day, maybe soon, you will be separated from them forever.

Who should make a Retreat? *You* should make a retreat! All Holy Name men, young and old, educated and uneducated, rich and poor, saint and sinner, should make a Retreat. It is not a special devotion for the pious, but a necessity for all. The more struggle you have in the battle of life, the more wounds you have incurred in the fight, the more exhausted from the stress of battle—the more reason there is for you to renew your strength by making a Retreat with your fellow Holy Name men!

—*The Pulse,*

Green Bay Union  
of Holy Name Societies



# LABOR-MANAGEMENT JOTTINGS

*"Capital cannot do without Labor: Labor cannot do without Capital"*

—POPE PIUS XI

by Charles B. Quirk, O.P.

**W**HETHER OR NOT a single federation of all American unions would be in the best interests of the nation is admittedly a debatable question. There is little doubt, however, that the merging of the A.F. of L. and the C.I.O. is regarded as highly desirable by an influential group of leaders in both organizations. In fact, ever since that fateful day in 1937 when the executive board of the American Federation of Labor made official the expulsion of the Committee of Industrial Organizations, conciliatory efforts have been applied consistently by officials in both the A.F. of L. and the C.I.O.

Over the last two decades the dispute over the relative merits of craft and industrial unionism has become largely academic. Actually, each federation embraced both craft and industrial unions from their very origins. And each continued to incorporate skilled, semi-skilled and unskilled workers within their respective jurisdictions. However, the intervening years have not softened the personal ambitions of individual labor leaders in either group. Actually, internal politics rather than the high level defense of an organizational principle was the issue in 1937. Seemingly, it remains the issue in 1954 as officials in each federation haltingly move toward unity.

## The Big Three

As a preliminary step toward the eventual merging of the A.F. of L. and the C.I.O., leadership in both organizations last year proposed a "no raiding pact." In substance this agreement would pledge affiliated unions to respect

the jurisdictions of opposite nationals by refraining from attempts to extend their membership to areas already organized and administered by these unions. George Meany and Walter Reuther are in complete accord with both the intent and language of the pact. Forty-one of the 111 A.F. of L. nationals have signed the agreement and most of the major C.I.O. unions have indicated that they will endorse the pact. However, not until the first week in May did the Congress of Industrial Organizations decide to actually sign the pact. The reluctance of the C.I.O. is traceable to the divisive maneuvering of three powerful union leaders whose objectives are still a matter of sheer speculation.

The no raiding pact became effective on January 1, 1954. On February 18 the executive board of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, meeting in Miami Beach, voted unanimously not to accept the pact already endorsed by the two major federations. Dave Beck, president of the 1,300,000 member teamsters union, indicated that his organization would seek individual pacts with each C.I.O. union—but only on the assumption that approximately 50,000 teamsters and warehouse men, currently members of the C.I.O. unions, be transferred to his union. On the following day Beck further hinted that unless a jurisdictional dispute within the A.F. of L. was settled in favor of his teamsters he would take his union—the largest and most powerful in the A.F. of L. out of the American Federation of Labor.

On April 30 Mr. Beck invited Mr. John L. Lewis and Mr. David McDon-

ald to meet with him in Washington. Questioned about the significance of the meeting, Mr. Beck denied that it was the first step in the creation of a third federation. The rumour of a possible rival federation group persisted, however, and for these reasons. Lewis, the maverick of American labor, apparently dislikes both Mr. Meany and Mr. Reuther. Mr. McDonald of the steelworkers has been feuding with U.A.W.'s Reuther since the election of Reuther to the presidency of the C.I.O. And Mr. Beck is alleged to be seeking the presidency of the A.F. of L. We have here, then, the ingredients of real trouble for both the A.F. of L. and C.I.O. Tension on the labor front has been increased further both by the preference of a New York local of tugboat unionists for Lewis's District 50 rather than either the C.I.O. or the A.F. of L. and the May 7 statement of Mr. McDonald's steelworkers that they will boycott the no-raiding pact.

From this chronological evidence of the independent action of three of the nation's most influential unions it would seem that their leaders are intent upon frustrating every effort at unifying American labor. This could be true. But it is our opinion that the facts point rather to the skilful jockeying of labor politicians for the best possible bargaining positions. Personally, we do not believe that Mr. Beck could lead his union out of the A.F. of L. even if he wished to. And we are convinced that he has no intention, actually, of leaving the parent organization. Rather, this manifestation of independence seems calculated to strengthen his demand that John



L. Lewis be invited to any conference directed toward merging the A.F. of L. and the C.I.O. To date Mr. Meany and other A.F. of L. leaders have understandably preferred to exclude Lewis from their plans.

Mr. Beck's sponsorship of Lewis would seem to derive from his desire to match both his own and Mr. Lewis's "bread and butter" unionism against the emerging labor statesmanship of Mr. Meany and Mr. Reuther. Mr. McDonald, on the other hand, will probably lead his union out of the C.I.O. and into the A.F. of L. His association with Beck and Lewis and his refusal to sign the no-raiding pact are seemingly part of the pattern of his efforts to enter the A.F. of L. with as much prestige as possible.

It is unfortunate, of course, that internal politics should obstruct labor unity at this time. Bad public relations and dissension can be disastrous in a period when organized labor desperately needs both the support of the public and the full strength of unified action. It is to be hoped that Messers Beck, Lewis and McDonald will ultimately recognize that the welfare of 15,000,000 American unionists—and indirectly the destiny of the entire labor force of the United States—takes precedence over their personal ambitions.

### Success Story

On May 10, at Atlantic City, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, C.I.O., announced that it valued itself at \$250,000,000. Mr. Jacob Potofsky, president of the clothing workers union, took the occasion to remind his membership that on its fortieth anniversary it was not only one of the wealthiest labor organizations in the world but also ranked among the most richly endowed financial institutions in the nation. Among its most notable assets the union lists insurance funds and companies (all self-managed) with reserves of \$108,000,000; two banks with combined capitalization of \$90,000,000; and housing developments valued in excess of \$23,000,000. Further assets of the international and both

it locals and joint boards bring the grand total of union valuation to a quarter of a billion dollars.

The spectacular success story of the A.C.W. is very literally a rags to riches drama of the highest order. In 1910 Jane Adams of Hull House, Chicago, testified concerning the industry's sweat shops that "an unscrupulous contractor regards no basement as too dark, no stable loft too foul, no rear shanty too provisional, no tenement room too small for his workroom." Cheap labor was always available to the clothing operators as thousands of immigrants from Poland, Italy, Lithuania and Russia crowded through Ellis Island and into the slums of lower Manhattan. Working conditions at best were inhuman and wages rarely rose above \$4 or \$5 weekly.

Attempting to organize the clothing workers, the United Garment Workers, A.F. of L., became involved in a series of long, bitter, and almost invariably unsuccessful strikes. The notable single exception to this history of frustration was the 1910 strike against the Hart, Schaffner and Marx company in Chicago. Like all the other protests of the union this strike also was lost. But it did serve as the occasion for the establishment of unique arbitration machinery for the industry and its workers in 1911.

At the 18th biennial convention of the United Garment Workers at Nashville, Tenn., in 1914, a large group of delegates, led by the Chicago group, seceded from the parent organization and proceeded to form an independent industrial union. In subsequent years the new Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America grew steadily in membership as it won a succession of strikes with the nation's clothing operators. After the famous 1920-1921 six-month lockout in New York, which involved 60,000 garment workers and cost the union two million dollars, the A.C.W. won the union shop and the re-establishment of arbitration machinery. It was in the Twenties, however, that radicals captured the union and gave it a distinct Communist tinge. However, despite the Socialist background of many of the union's founders, the displaced leader-

ship began to organize a skilful campaign to oust the Commies with their own techniques. Led by the late Sidney Hillman the anti-Red faction forced the Communists from leadership in the union and thus provided the pattern by which Reds have been ousted from other captured unions. In 1915 Hillman took his Amalgamated Workers into the newly formed C.I.O. and came to be accepted as one of the most powerful and capable labor leaders in the country.

### Labor Statesmanship

One of the most valid criticisms of American labor leadership is that, too frequently, it refuses to face economic realities. Certainly numerous instances can be cited in which inflexible union bargaining has priced union labor right out of the market. It is with very real pleasure, then, that we indicate two instances in which labor leaders have demonstrated bargaining statesmanship.

Workers at the Willys Motors, Inc., a Kaiser Motors Corporation subsidiary in Toledo, recently accepted a 5% reduction in their weekly pay in an effort to help management better its competitive position. Assembled in the Toledo sports arena by their leader, Richard T. Gosser, 3,800 unionists heard Gosser argue that the company had not "even been breaking even on the cost of manufacturing cars." He asked for a voluntary wage cut and got it, with only 12 dissenting votes.

In Providence, R.I., union carpenters voluntarily agreed to accept a unique wage cut in order to equalize the competitive position of local construction contractors. Confronted with sizeable non-union labor, contractors employing only union labor have been underbid frequently on domestic construction. To adjust this problem union carpenters have agreed to accept a dual wage. All major or heavy construction will involve the payment of \$2.52 an hour to carpenters. But on contracts involving home construction, less than \$25,000, carpenters will receive \$2.45 an hour. This compromise should allow more equitable bidding for domestic construction by union contractors.



# the current scene

frank j. ford

## Freedom Based On God

The official American idea of freedom is at all like that in many persons' minds, observes Msgr. Matthew Smith in his column in the *Register*. "Their idea of morality," says he, "is something purely subjective—with no basis except custom and whim. They are utterly unlike Thomas Jefferson and the other men who wrote the Declaration of Independence, which in its first paragraph speaks of the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God, and in the second long paragraph goes into unalienable rights given to us by our Creator, such as life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. It then asserts that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. Notice that the Founding Fathers definitely believed in having their liberty protected by both God and government. By liberty they meant the freedom to do what is morally defensible, as the Declaration of Independence goes to great pains to prove.

"There was not even a remote idea in their minds that mankind was to be free of moral restraint," emphasizes Msgr. Smith, "or that we did not need to obey laws. Today, however, it is not uncommon to read even judicial decisions that throw into doubt the right of government to interfere with the antics of men who, for no better reason than their own greed, are willing to wreck the morals of men, women, and children. The Declaration of Independence is a great document not only because of its political consequences, but because it appealed to the Law of Nature and of Nature's God."

## Convincing Argument

In answer to those who scoff at the existence of hell, Father John Cavanagh, former president of Notre Dame, has this to say: "Whether or not some individual believes a thing is usually beside the point in such an argument as this. The important thing is whether or not hell exists. Thus there were only too many who could not believe in the cunning and duplicity of Communistic Russia. Earlier there were the simple souls who could not believe that Hitler meant what he said line by line in *Mein Kampf*. So much the worse for their lack of belief—as we have found out today to our sorrow, since some of these genial idiots had control over American foreign policy!

It is just the same regarding the question of hell," he notes. "People will not face the facts till too late when the facts face them. We are reminded of the story Father Drinkwater tells in *Catechism Stories* of a lecturer for the Catholic Evidence Guild who was being heckled by an objector. As for the after life, he said: 'What bothers me is how I am going to get my shirt on over my wings.' Replied the quick-witted speaker: 'Don't you worry, my friend, your particular trouble will be getting your trousers on over your tail.'

"The logic that demands a heaven also demands a hell," declares Father Cavanagh. "Christ says in reward for some: 'Come, blessed of My Father, take possession of the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.' He also says to others in punishment: 'Depart from Me ye cursed. . . . Everlasting happiness has as its reverse everlasting unhap-

piness. We do not approve of everything said about it in the olden days of hell-fire sermons when Colonial New England preachers spoke of it as if they had been there. And we are not trying to give statistics on the current population of hell. But we do welcome a bit of logical thinking and a bit of realism. There is no place here for wishful thinking—that is the hell of it."

## Baseball's Bleary Future

"As we sit here scratching our head," dazedly muses sportswriter Bill Warner, "trying to figure out whether baseball is going to the beer barons or vice versa, the Baltimore Orioles are batting them out in the shade of a new beer ad. The ad is perched atop the largest scoreboard of the automatic type in the world.

The field of beer advertising, widespread as it is in most of the baseball parks in the land, has, however, been barely scratched. There are places in which to advertise that the promoters have never considered. Take the bottom of dixie cups, for instance. After a customer in the stands tosses off that last drop of pop or coffee, what does he see in the bottom of the cup? Nothing! There could be a nice, round little ad there saying: 'Make the next one beer.' Or when the peanut vendor leans in to hand someone his change, he could stick beer-cap decals on the lenses of the fans' glasses. That way the game will look as if it is being played on a big beer-bottle cap. Or, when the fan sits down, a big ad springs up in front of him. The only way he can get rid of it is to buy a bottle of the advertiser's product. Every time the bottle runs



dry, the ad springs up again.

"Or, the beer barons could sponsor teams the way they do in the industrial league, where each player wears an ad on his back. Or, instead of giving a case of Wheaties away for each home run. . . . We are sure that all this will start a fire in the advertising business. What idea man could let a few good things like this go to waste? In fact, we bet that some of the things those boys pull off will be more interesting than the ball games. Even if you are sitting at home you will not be safe from the beer ads. What a peanut vendor can do to eyeglasses he can do to a television camera lens.

"The only ones who will not be afraid to sponsor telecasts of the ball games," winds up Warner, "will be the beer peddlers. The parks will be so plastered with their ads that no one else will dare show the inside of a park. In any event, we are going to see the beer boys taking a bigger and bigger part in baseball promotion from here on out. They used to refer to a certain branch of baseball as the bush leagues. Well, we are getting back to the Busch leagues slowly but surely. Gesundheit!"

### **Cheery Prospect**

From now on, columnist Sydney J. Harris won't go hungry when dining out. That is, he won't if a newly-patented gadget which he enthusiastically endorses becomes standard equipment in the eating places of the land. "One of modern man's most vexing problems has been solved," says Harris, "if restaurants will take advantage of this novel device—a signal light and ash tray which combines into a small unit to attract the attention of the waiter. When a customer wants something, he merely pushes a button on top of the device, and a soft light winks on silently to catch the eye of the waiter. Neat, simple, but, in its own way, revolutionary.

"This gadget obviates the difficulties and frustrations we have experienced over the years: the silent rage mounting in the breast as our

coffee goes creamless; the impotent and appealing glances around the room as the rolls go butterless. Snagging a waiter is a real problem in propriety—except for those boors who simply bellow or pound on the table with a fork. The rest of us are forced to be sly and sibilant, to hiss, to cough, or, in our extremity, to tug at a passing coat-tail. I have never gazed extensively into the literature on the subject, but I doubt whether most books on the etiquette deal adequately with the matter. I have observed many techniques, but none of them seem wholly satisfactory.

"There is, of course, the Finger-Snapper. He raises his hand high and cracks thumb and finger together, like some feudal lord. I would find this too dictatorial and pompous for use in the dilapidated restaurants in which I habitually dine. Then we have the Cooer. He purses his mouth and souns like a pigeon, murmuring, 'Miss' or 'Waitress' into empty space. There is no recorded instance that this technique has ever been successful. Most interesting to watch is the Tragedian. His eyes widen, his mouth twists into despondency, and his head revolves limply around the room, hoping to catch the compassionate eye of the captain, or cashier, or anyone who can rescue him from this gastronomic limbo. But most of us, lacking the brashness or dramatic ability of these self-assertive citizens, simply suffer in silence until our needs are met. That is, we have—unless that little marvel of science, the winking eye, begins to flirt the waitress right out of her catatonic trance. Or will it?"

### **Church-Schools Lauded**

In answer to the charge by James B. Conant and others that private and religious schools are divisive and undemocratic, Dr. Will Herberg, Jewish theologian and author, replies: "The policy they advocate is an undemocratic totalitarianism, a germinal totalitarianism which in practice treats the State as a Church.

"The American public school system," he emphasizes, "is an outgrowth of a community that was largely Protestant. It was intended by its originators to be nonsectarian but religious, and not neutral. Now that atheism and irreligion have been creeping into public school education, the more intelligent of the secularists are less sure of their policies. They have been impressed by the gradual rebirth of respectability among all thinking people in favor of religion. They realize that a religious and spiritual vacuum can never remain long, but deteriorates into some of the sordid and anti-human cults that have scourged the 20th century.

"As a nation," says Dr. Herberg, "the United States is unique since it is composed of a combination of minorities. Protestantism also is a minority, but one that is larger than the others. Yet, apart from a few of its great leaders, Protestantism is now dynamic, calm, and positive, but is motivated greatly by fear of Catholic political power. There is hope in the world of education, however, for the young are now asking questions and there are signs of a return to tradition and principles, and of a hunger for reality and truth."

On the same subject, Dr. Samuel M. Brownell, U.S. Commissioner of Education, has this to say: "Both religious and independent non-public schools are important and valuable institutions which have contributed significantly to American education. The fact is that since their origin in early New England and by their historic contributions to our tradition of freedom of belief and freedom to teach what citizens wish their children to learn, they exemplify a democratic freedom. The value of attempts by Church-connected schools to make God-centered rather than self-centered youth, and their work of cultivation of habitual awareness of God—giving meaning, purpose, and dignity to human existence by teaching the history and basis of religion—is beyond calculation."



# Poisonous Tormentor

by William Hillary

**Your community can control or eliminate  
the hazard of poison ivy.**

**W**ITH VACATION DAYS in sight, a great many people will be hiking for the quiet of the open country, the green foliage, the cool shade and the other attractions of nature's great outdoors. But many will spoil the much-needed rest they have planned by running into vacation enemy number one: poison ivy. It may take all the fun out of their holidays and change them into a most unpleasant week or two of acute suffering.

Fortunately, although poison ivy has for generations inflicted misery on millions, it need not continue to victimize man. Its eradication, long considered practically impossible, can now be accomplished with the aid of powerful new chemical spray solutions.

Berkeley, California, was one of the first communities to prove that poison ivy can be wiped out or closely controlled by systematic spraying with chemical killers.

Boy Scout troops, newspapers and radio stations as well as community-conscious leaders have joined in all-out spring campaigns in past years. The city council passed an ordinance permitting the city to kill noxious weeds on privately owned land and charge the cost to the property owners. The drive has worked so well that this year public health services are urging other towns to follow Berkeley's methods. If enough towns do so, ivy poisoning could become a rarity.

But only a few towns so far have accepted ivy-killing as a public-health job. Until your town has an all-out poison-ivy campaign you will face the same old risks of blistered skin. Most of the 250,000 ivy poisonings that occur

each year could be prevented by killing off the ivy at the right time of the year. Here, indeed, is a challenge for community leaders across the land to organize the teams and solicit the community support that could easily ban the perennial pest from our towns and cities. The cooperation of householders and public health authorities with organized anti-poison ivy campaigns is assured.

Poison ivy is the most famous member of the *Rhus* family, a group of unpleasant vines whose other members include poison oak and poison sumac. Actually poison ivy and poison oak are such close cousins you can consider them one. The ivy grows in the East and Middle West as a vine, creeper, or low shrub. The oak, in the Far West, often is a medium-sized shrub growing to shoulder height. The Virginia creeper which is often mistaken for poison ivy is not a venomous plant, and it always has leaves built in groups of five.

In summer, poison ivy has small yellowish-green flowers consisting of dense clusters of spikes, and by early fall these flowers turn into smooth white berries. The berries remain on the stems well into winter, and even though the tell-tale leaves have fallen to the ground, the skeleton shrubbery or vines can still cause trouble.

**T**HE BEST WAY, of course, to lick poison ivy is to keep out of its way. It is only when the venomous oil it manufactures comes in contact with your skin, either directly or indirectly, that hosts of itchy blisters form. These may be followed by inflammation, and even serious infections resulting from scratching. A yel-

lowish, violently irritating oil called urushiol causes the poisoning. It coats not only the leaves, but the berries, fruit, bark, stems, and even the roots of poison ivy, poison oak, and poison sumac. Urushiol is so potent that as little as 1/60,000 of a grain of it (about .00000004 of an ounce), when dissolved in olive oil and rubbed on the skin, will cause mild poisoning. Its action on the skin is now recognized as a form of allergy. Individuals vary widely in reaction to it; but doctors believe there is no such thing as a completely immune person.

**A**FTER contact, and depending on how soon you wash the affected areas or how sensitive you are to the poison, a rash will appear. Within a few hours or two days reddish blotches, or innumerable small itching blisters show up, and your first reaction will be to ease their torments by scratching the skin. Scratching is to be avoided because it will spread the poison, allow it to penetrate deeper, and possibly pave the way for more serious infections.

Indirect contact with the blistering poison ivy oil usually comes from brushing a dog or a cat's fur. For this reason, particular care should be taken not to let children play with pet animals, for they may have gone scampering about in shady shrubbery and foliage, and picked up large amounts of the venom on their fur.

Let us assume that you have in one way or another gotten in contact with poison ivy. What are you going to do about it? The first thing you should do is to wash the areas of the skin where



the itching has started with soap and water.

Doctors recommend the use of yellow laundry soap for this first scrubbing because it contains more alkali than the other soaps. The poison ivy oil is much more soluble in alkaline solutions so that more of it can be removed from the pores in the skin when yellow soap is used, followed by a thorough plain water rinsing.

An inexpensive and harmless chemical for the destruction of poison ivy venom is potassium permanganate. A five per cent water solution of this chemical will stop the itch from poison ivy blisters almost immediately, and this solution may be purchased at any drug store.

In destroying the poison this purplish solution will turn brown, and leave a stain which is difficult to remove. This stain will, however, disappear on repeated washings. Dilute household hydrogen peroxide solution will remove the stain more quickly, and most pharmacies can supply you with preparations which will clear up the brown markings on contact.

Poison ivy prefers to grow in the shade, and it may be found as slender shrubs or as climbing vines. It inhabits woodlands, abandoned fields, fence rows, roadsides, sandy beaches, picnic grounds, camp sites and public parks.

Principal weapons in the modern war against these poisonous tyrants are "2, 4-D," "2, 4, 5-T" and ammonium sulfamate. Ammonium sulfamate is the now-famous weed spray developed by Du Pont chemists and sold as Ammate. "2, 4-D," is the so-called hormone weed killer, and "2, 4, 5-T" is a more recent improvement over "2, 4-D." They are easy to mix and easy to apply. All kinds of sprayers will serve. Depending on the size of the job, they may range from the handwielded garden variety to power-driven outfits used for fighting insects in orchards. Some commercial eradicators have introduced fog-machines, which are adaptations of the smoke-machines of wartime fame.

A community attack on poison ivy, with Ammate as the ammunition, is

most effective in May or June. The best time to spray with these chemical killers is on a warm, sunny day, preferably in the forenoon. That is when life processes in plants are going at top speed, which will result in the more rapid absorption of the poison spray, and its distribution throughout the tissues, even down into the roots.

**C**ERTAIN precautions must be taken with the new chemical weapons against poison ivy. They can be too-good killers if handled carelessly, for they are as deadly to tomatoes or beans or dahlias or rosebuds as they are to poison ivy and other weeds. So care must be taken not to spray where you don't want to kill. While 2, 4-D has the peculiar property of harming broad-leaved plants but not grass, ammonium sulfamate is a grass-killer as well.

However, the U.S. Department of Agriculture as well as the U.S. Public Health Service stand ready to help anyone wage war on poison ivy with chemicals because this is by far the most effective form of eradication. In essence, such an attack consists in locating the poison ivy and mowing it down with a spray gun.

In addition, it is well to bear in mind that while one spraying will devastate a patch of poison oak or poison ivy, you can't expect a hundred-per-cent kill. There are likely to be seeds in the ground that will keep on coming up for several years. Two to three additional treatments will be required the first year, followed next spring by a mop-up campaign. From then on regular "patrol" measures are all that is needed to rid your property or your community of the despicable summer pest.

## Co-Operation In Prayer

We ask God in our prayers for many favors, both spiritual and temporal. Does God expect anything from us, beyond a mere petition? In other words, can we help "make our prayers come true"?

Apparently we can. God evidently demands our co-operation. Let's look at our missal.

In the Mass for the last Sunday after Pentecost, we read these words spoken by Our Lord:

"Amen I say to you, all things whatever you ask for in prayer, believe that you shall receive, and they shall come to you."

This is from the Gospel of St. Mark. In this case Christ tells us very explicitly how to act when we pray, and He makes us a definite promise. If we believe, we shall receive.

Is this surprising? If we wish to ask a favor of some man, we have confidence that he will give us what we want. We ask the boss for a raise in salary because we are sure we deserve it and that he thinks so too. If we thought it was hopeless, we wouldn't bother to ask for a raise at all. We might just resign and look for another job.

We have more confidence in human beings than we have in the goodness of God. In performing His many miracles during His life on earth, Our Lord did not complacently sit back and take all the credit. On the contrary, he is continually bringing the favored one into the picture.

He says to various persons whom He has helped:

"Thy *faith* hath made thee whole."

"As thou hast *believed*, so be it done to thee."

"Oh, woman, great is thy *faith*: be it done as thou wilt."

He is struck with admiration at the faith of the Centurion. This Roman soldier, in answer to Christ's promise that he will come and heal his servant, replies humbly:

"Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter under my roof. Say but the word, and my servant shall be healed."

Jesus exclaims:

"Amen I say to you, I have not found so great *faith* in Israel."

The Centurion was asking what he knew was impossible from human standards. But he was not being unreasonable, because he felt that Christ was God, and he knew that nothing is impossible to Him.

We often think, "I'll pray for this, but of course it's out of the question. God no longer performs miracles." And our prayers remain unanswered.

It might be better if we held the thought, "What I am praying for is right, as far as I can judge. Why shouldn't God do what I ask? Of course He will! Let me do my part in believing, and He will do His part in granting my request."

—T.E.H.



# How Is Your Credit?

by Stanley M. Kenney

**A**S I LOOKED at the banker's serious face, my hopes of obtaining a loan dwindled. However, he impulsively grasped my hand a moment later, reassuring me. "Money *is* getting tighter," he said, "that is, for long term loans such as you have just applied for. But I guess we can work it some way to our mutual satisfaction . . . and profit." I was relieved to see him smile. "No reason why a short term loan wouldn't do the trick, and have it extended if necessary. Your record entitles you to special consideration, Stan, and I believe that if every debtor met his obligations as well as you have, these tighter restrictions wouldn't have been necessary. Now let's get down to figures."

I left that bank with my immediate financial problems solved, if not absolved. My first reaction toward that banker was to be grateful, but my reason told me it was all strictly business, with no sentiment involved. Then I compared my favorable financial outlook with my spiritual one, and found to my dismay and dread that I hadn't gone to the Sacraments in over twelve months. On several occasions I had made resolutions, but always something came up.

Directly after the auspicious visit to the bank I took time to examine my conscience in the warmth of humility which overwhelmed me. It being Saturday, I went to confession after an afternoon of meditation and prayer, determined to square my past accounts with my Creator. That visit to the bank had taught me a very important lesson: that in order to have good credit, one must square past accounts regularly.

In comparing my material and spiritual situations, I reasoned that my soul had the best of the bargain, for there I was, absolved of all the guilt of my past sins, while the shrewd banker still would expect and demand full payment of my debt, plus legal interest!

Summing up my past, my many blessings, as well as my tribulations, I began to realize how very fortunate I was. My health was good, and I was blessed with a good wife and three children, and the good will of my associates. As I added and subtracted I discovered how enormous was my indebtedness to God. I thought of the countless times I had sought credit from God and got it.

I thought back to that day right after our marriage, when I fell victim to an insidious disease, and had made all sorts of promises "if I could only regain my health." The doctor had said then, "I'm afraid this is beyond my help . . . beyond any doctor's ken, my boy. Much will depend on how you'll live and on your inherent ability, if any, to fight off this disease!"

But I knew my health depended on more than that, though like an ungrateful child, I soon forgot. Then there were the years of my wife's sickness. How I used to carry her frail body out into the sun, hoping, praying for a miracle. I well remembered how resentful I became when instead of getting well, she became weaker and more anemic, until she looked more like a corpse than a live being.

When the tide did turn, our good fortune was overwhelmed by another disaster: our youngest boy was stricken with rheumatic fever, and according to

the doctor, only a miracle would prevent a weak heart! Yesiree, I sure did use up a lot of credit with my Creator in those days!

Or the day the telephone rang, telling us our grown boy had met with an accident, on his way to work. But *again* our prayers were answered, and our boy lived.

Thanks be to God, we all are still well, and we are no longer mute witnesses to His mercy. We realize that even if we live to be a hundred we will be unable to repay in full the "credit" so generously extended throughout the years. I have decided to make regular, though small payments at every opportunity during the rest of my days, for although I consider myself a living witness to His unbounded mercy, I want to keep my credit strong.

**I** FIGURE it this way: If God made me, as I know He did, He made me for a purpose. When an artist creates a masterpiece, he doesn't forget it right after it's finished. He puts part of himself into his efforts, and his creation becomes filled with life! So with God, the Creator of all. He created me in His Image, with the spark called the soul definitely imparted by Him. I am to learn to know Him and serve Him here on earth, and later be with Him in Heaven.

And when I think it over, I'm amazed at how easy the conditions are. God is no Shylock and expects no interest. On the contrary, we, His children, receive compound interest in the form of graces whenever our current debts are paid. However, I must remember one thing: that although my credit rating may be tops, there is no guarantee of extensions. My spiritual debts are *payable on demand!*

For that reason I am going to try to be ready when that day arrives for my final payment. On that day I hope to hear Him say, "Your past record of prompt payment entitles you to special consideration . . . eternal Heaven!"



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# PILGRIMS HAVE PROGRESSED

(Continued from page 14.)

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art of tempering steel, even though the new skill was eventually used mostly to produce scimitars to slash the throats of the teachers. The Italians shared their secret of weaving silk. The savoury food of the Orient introduced the spice industry to Europe. To ease the way for the bare feet of the pious, paths were cleared of rocks and undergrowths and hills were levelled off.

In an age before the existence of any postal service, pilgrims were the messengers who carried communications between families and friends. Pious tycoons endowed hostels and hospitals for pilgrims who became ill away from home. Rudolph, Archduke of Austria, built a bridge over Lake Zurich in 1358 because sometimes the water was so rough pilgrims bound for Einsiedeln were unable to row across. Religious orders were founded to care for the pilgrims.

**S**HIPPING became a vigorous industry as the pilgrim trade developed into the first great commercial enterprise of medieval times. Cities grew rich in proportion to the number and popularity of their chantries or shrines of intercession.

Venice's importance and wealth as a seaport came directly from the millions of devotees who had to reach the shrine of St. Mark by boat. One traveler in the fourteenth century counted 80 shiploads of pilgrims in the harbor of Corunna. Political patronage, too, sneaked in when Dover was named the official and exclusive port through which departing and arriving pilgrims in England were required to pass.

Long before the Reformation ended pilgrimages, those characters Chaucer pictures as typical pilgrims filtered into the pilgrim bands. Pilgrims had certain prerogatives and privileges. They could

not be sued, arrested, or arraigned before any civil court. As they and their property were secure from confiscation, search, or injury during the pilgrimage, is it likely that a "wanted" people would overlook the protection provided by the rough homespun garment that identified all pilgrims? Could a merchant or a smuggler with precious stones traveling from Amsterdam to Rome find safer or cheaper transport for himself and his cargo than to pose as a pilgrim?

It cannot have been for men of good will that a law to protect travelers to the Holy Land was passed in the reign of Richard I. It provided, "He who kills a man on shipboard shall be bound to the dead body and thrown into the sea; if the man is killed on shore, the slayer shall be bound to the dead body and buried with it."

In time, the widespread belief that prayers offered at a particular shrine were particularly efficacious developed a new and odd line of "business." A sick man, unfit for the hardships of a pilgrimage, hired a proxy. Wills often included bequests for the purpose. In a publication of the Surtees Society in London, a will provides for the employment of a pilgrim "to visit the martyrs in Rome to whom the testator made a solemn vow when he was tossed about in a greatly troubled sea between Hibernia and Norway and nearly drowned."

With the Reformation, when the religious houses were destroyed and beds and food were no longer free, the ride on the gravy train ended for those who abused the true use of the pilgrimage.

A pilgrimage to the holy places became a costly project. That the infidels with whom Christian visitors have to deal in the Holy Land are still a rapacious lot is shown by the story told about the experience of an American priest.

Like all visitors to Tiberias, the visit-

ing padre wanted to row out to the spot where Our Lord had walked on the Sea of Galilee.

"I won't charge for taking you out, Father, as you're a priest," the boatman offered.

When they reached the place, half a mile or so off shore, his reverence wanted to linger a moment.

"All right," he said finally, "you can row back now."

"I'll have to charge you twenty dollars to take you back, Father," the native replied.

"For half an hour's trip! You said you wouldn't charge anything," the priest reminded him.

"I didn't say that," the boatman protested. "I said I'd charge nothing to take you out. You didn't say anything about coming back. That's what all the boats charge to row passengers back."

Father's rising temper zoomed. "It's no wonder," he snapped, "that Our Lord got out and walked."

**F**OR MONTHS, travel agencies have been juggling reservations to accommodate the biggest known crowd the U.S.A. has ever sent to European and Mediterranean ports. According to one spokesman for a tourist agency, the two hundred and fifty thousand Americans who crossed the Atlantic last year are half the number Europe can expect this year. They also anticipate happily two times the one hundred and eighty-eight million dollars that tinkled into European tills in 1953, much of which will be spent by earnest Catholic pilgrims visiting the same shrines of Our Lady to which the barefoot, penniless pilgrims plodded, fifteen hundred years ago.

For the multitudes of us who will have to be content to follow the Holy Father's advice to make Marian Year pilgrimages to neighborhood shrines or churches named for the Blessed Virgin, there is comfort in St. Augustine's advice that "not by journeying but by loving we draw nigh to God. To Him who is everywhere present and everywhere entire we approach not by our feet but by our hearts."



# Going Boating This Vacation?

by William W. Buechel

**W**HEN a good sized boat like the *Pelican*, which capsized off Montauk Point, Long Island, a few years ago with a loss of 45 lives has an accident or a fire aboard, the reading public is appalled at the apparent negligence of someone. And they've got a right to be indignant, for those operating big ships can have no proper excuse for negligence that takes the lives of innocent passengers. Some accidents, of course, are just that—accidents, and can be blamed on no one in particular. But many of the big ship accidents are the result of negligence or carelessness or both.

But what we don't hear much about are the small-boat accidents. Yet small-craft accidents account for about 1200 deaths a year in this country alone. This is a high death rate and one that seems to be steadily increasing. It may seem unbelievable, but statistics prove that four out of every five drownings due to water transportation resulted from small-boat mishaps, not large ones. Thus the small boat—the rowboat, canoe, raft and small motor-driven craft—is actually a terrific danger to those who use them for whatever purpose.

It stands to reason that most of the small-boat accidents happen in the summer months, during the traditional vacation season. June, July and August see about half of all such small-boat mishaps, with fall and spring contributing each about one-fifth of the accidents to the grim total, and winter chalking up the smallest figure of all. Most small boats involved in accidents are definitely pleasure craft. Men using small boats day in and day out for strictly business purposes seldom get involved in water accidents.

Now, this fact just mentioned adds

up to one important conclusion: the persons who operate small boats for pleasure only apparently know little of the operation, driving techniques and safety precautions that small-boat operators need to know. Seamanship is an art that needs to be acquired by all who "go down to the sea in ships," whether those ships be rowboats or giant steamships.

In analyzing the death totals from small-boat mishaps, it seems safe to say that anyone who does not know how to swim has no business in a small boat. This is especially true when that person goes out alone, or with others who know equally as little as does he about swimming and ordinary safety measures on the water. The best such a person can do in a tight situation is to try to hold on to the boat, if he can reach it after falling into the water, or to grab the buoyant cushions with which some small craft are equipped. Otherwise, the mishap can mean a permanent stall in Davy Jones Locker.

Teenagers, and even adults who should know better, fall into the fatal drink while "acting wise" in a canoe or rowboat, trying to impress a young lady friend with their so-called seamanship. Oddly enough, sail-boat enthusiasts have the least accidents, probably because they are, as a rule, earnest in the pursuit of their sailing hobby and are also expert or at least tolerable swimmers.

**A** COMMON CAUSE of accident on water is overloading a small boat. A boat built to hold six people safely becomes an unsafe boat when eight or ten are crowded in it, simply because we can't leave Uncle Joe and his wife and kids standing on shore while we take a quick run around the lake. "Let's all go.

It'll be a lot more fun." So Uncle Joe and his family laughingly and appreciatively hop into the little boat, already groaning under its load even before it pulls away from shore. It was fun going out on the lake that way. Too bad the whole laughing party didn't return that way. Only a few returned, and they weren't laughing.

Just like every place else, you're bound to meet the show-off on water, as on land. You know the guy I mean. He likes to speed because he figures no traffic cop is going to chase him; he wants to thrill everybody by riding the waves and making hair-breadth turns that are so sharp they seem actually to split the water atoms. He enjoys getting as close as possible to fishermen in small boats, minding their own business.

One such maniac was on board a 20-foot Chris Craft with his fiancée, making a fast run around a certain lake. Twenty minutes later he not only passed near a small skiff in which two men were fishing, but actually drove his craft directly over the skiff. The fishermen, seeing the maniac coming full speed towards them, tried to signal him to beware, but were unable to catch his attention. One of the fishermen fell overboard, and the resultant motion of the skiff threw the other man flat on his face on the bottom of the boat. The oncoming motorboat skimmed right over the skiff, causing bruises, a broken rib and burns on the back of the man in the boat, while the other who fell overboard suffered shock and a bruised leg. This was a fortunate accident, because both these men could very easily have been killed. The show-off operator of the motorboat was indicted for negligent boat operation, brought to trial and convicted of a misdemeanor that carries



with it a \$2,000 fine or imprisonment for one year, or both. And this besides the civil suits for damages instituted shortly thereafter by both fishermen.

Sudden storms, high winds and other dangerous water conditions play their own tragic roles in small-boat fatalities. No one, not even an experienced seaman, should go out on a lake or other body of water without first scanning the weather reports and small-craft warnings regularly issued by the United States Coast Guard. An inexperienced boatman might do well to talk a bit with an old-timer or two living near the particular body of water he intends to go out on. This way he can learn of dangerous conditions that might be peculiar to that particular body of water. A hard and fast rule is to get all the information you can before entering a small boat; once out on the water, some of that advice might come in mighty handy.

**A**S ON LAND, fire is a serious menace to small boats. Any motor-driven boat is a potential explosive firetrap. Gasoline is a highly explosive fluid that has sent many an unwary boat owner and his innocent passengers to hospitals and morgues, besides gutting and ruining fine craft. The first hazard that comes to mind is spilling gasoline when refueling. This, of course, is a terrific hazard, especially when motors are still hot.

At the end of the 1951 boating season, one man purchased a trim 21-foot cabin cruiser. At the beginning of the next season, he proceeded to refuel the engine, preparatory to taking it out on a test run, accompanied by a friend. He carelessly allowed a considerable amount of gasoline to overflow during the refueling chore. He started the motor and almost immediately a loud explosion shook the boat, engulfing both men in flames. They were thrown into the water by the force of the explosion. Both men sustained second degree burns on the face and arms, and the boat was completely demolished by the explosion and fire that followed. Physical damage amounted to almost \$4,000.

One of the other hazards of gasoline engines is the pocketing of gas fumes in

certain parts of the boat, even though the boat has been in storage for a long time, even over winter. A hard and fast rule to follow is to thoroughly air out all parts of the boat, especially baggage compartments, before the motor is so much as turned over. Operators who fail to do this often find they no longer have a boat, if they're still alive to find out anything. The vapors from a cupful of gasoline have the explosive force of fifteen sticks of dynamite. In one such explosion resulting from trapped gas fumes in ill-ventilated compartments or cabins, two men and their wives were killed, and a child badly burned. The boat, of course, was completely demolished.

Boating in small craft is a pleasant recreation, and healthful too. But it must be made safer. Fortunately, many of our citizens are beginning to realize that a concerted educational program designed to increase water safety is imperative. The Boy Scouts, the Girl Scouts, the National Safety Council, and similar organizations are all doing a fine and needed work in this field. The United States Coast Guard deserves especial mention as being ever on the alert for

small craft in trouble, and is credited with innumerable lives and property saved.

**T**HE United States Coast Guard has an Auxiliary which it sponsors. This consists mostly of private pleasure-boat owners, and is strictly non-military. Members of this Auxiliary are interested primarily in safe boating, not only for themselves, but for non-members as well. Any small-boat owner, whether he is a member or not, can ask the Auxiliary to make a courtesy inspection of his boat. The new owner will learn a great deal from these inspections, not only about unsafe conditions aboard his boat, but basic practices of good seamanship as well. Each winter a course in motor-boat safety is given by the Auxiliary and non-members are invited to attend. Boat-owners desiring to join the Auxiliary, or those seeking additional information about its activities, should write to the nearest Coast Guard District Office.

If you can't swim, or if you're a careless, reckless fellow, stay away from small boats. Water can be pretty dangerous as it is, without any of this kind around to make it more so.

## GERM WARFARE CONFESSIONS

*(Continued from page 10.)*

the honor of being introduced to him and of kissing his ring. That man I met then and the picture I have seen of him since are two completely different beings.

In all this there is a warning for us in the Western Hemisphere. From published accounts as well as from private sources we are beginning to hear more and more about "torture" of political prisoners in Guatemala. We also hear that more and more of the Communist leaders of Guatemala have been visiting Russia and bringing back "experts" with them from various iron-curtain countries of Europe. Perhaps we should be bracing ourselves for some "trials" and "confessions" in Guatemala? Perhaps they will be staged as replies to the anti-Communist declarations at Caracas. Perhaps we will wake up some morning

soon to find the leftist presses of the world headlining a "confession" by a Guatemalan non-Communist leader, or an American businessman or technician accusing the U.S. of all sorts of crimes in the Western Hemisphere. The Guatemalan government last year was quick to help movie sound trucks play the Korean "germ warfare confessions" in the streets of Guatemala City—perhaps it will not be too slow to produce some propaganda farces of its own?

What can we do? We can do what Colonel Schwabble, Dr. Little, Dr. Meerloo and others have called on us to do: to publicize all that we know of these fake confessions and the methods used to obtain them so that the Communists will not be so inclined to use them, and if they do, the rest of the world will not be ready to believe them.



On The

# SIDELINES

with Dick Stedler

Old Pro Gene Sarazen, out of U. S. Open now because of the five year limitations clause, has this to say about the caddy situation:

"The club could erect a small clubhouse for the caddies. There they could get a hot meal and maybe watch television. A place where they would be glad to report, where they could have their fun, and work, too.

"Then the boys should be allowed to play one day a week," advises Sarazen. "That way they would develop interest in the game and in their caddying work. And such a setup would be so attractive the club would draw back additional caddies from among other boys, building a keystone of future membership.

"It would help the club, it would help golf, and it would be a wonderful thing for the boys. How about it?"

## Appropriate Winners

It was only fitting and natural that the Devlin sisters, Judy and Sue of Baltimore, won the doubles and singles championships in the All-England Badminton Tournament in London last April.

The Devlins caused quite an international furore because four countries wanted to claim them via descent. And that was because their mother was born in England, their father in Ireland, Sue in Canada and Judy in the United States.

So they represented the United States and won the doubles title. And Sister Sue also took top honors in the singles competition.

## Memorable May

The month of May, this year, was indeed a record-breaker. A gray horse,

for instance, had never won the famous Kentucky Derby until Determine this year turned out to be that horse-of-a-different-color to turn the trick.

A few days later Roger Bannister, a young Britisher—a medical student, in fact—proved the impossible was possible by shattering the myth of the 4-minute mile when he covered the distance in 3 minutes, 59.4 seconds. The 25-year-old runner accomplished this remarkable feat in a chill 15-mph crosswind and on a track considered inferior, by the best standards.

Two days later, another seemingly impenetrable track mark, in a feat comparable to breaking the 4-minute mile barrier, also went by the boards when Parry O'Brien, former University of Southern California athlete, hurled the shot-put 60 feet, 5½ inches to shatter the old world mark of 59 feet, 2 inches.

Now that both of these track impossibilities have been discounted, don't be surprised if more of same follows in due time. And, come to think of it, what's that old saying about things happening in cycles . . . or something?

## Everybody Likes Taps

"We all love you, Taps, not only as a moulder of basketball players but also as a man who produces gentlemen on the basketball court."

That's the wonderful compliment which was paid John (Taps) Gallagher, coach of the nationally-famous Niagara University basketball teams for more than two decades. Of added interest is the fact that the compliment was made by representatives of the Jewish Center of Buffalo at their annual sports night.

Gallagher, the guest of honor, first thanked the group "for honoring someone from an institution of a different faith." And then he advised the young athletes present, "Studies are important as well as athletics. And it is the attitude that a player displays on the court that makes him a great performer."

Evidently the Niagara University players try their best to emulate the gentlemanly attitude of their modest coach. For Niagara teams in recent years rated about the tops in the nation when it came to the least number of fouls committed on the court.

## Quote To Note

Sometime ago, sports columnist Dan Ryan wrote in the Cleveland (Ohio) *Universe Bulletin*:

What's the greatest benefit a fellow gets from his years of competition in sports?

"I asked three former college stars, each representing a different sport—a lawyer who played football, a salesman who played basketball, a priest who played baseball.

"First the lawyer said, 'It's knowing how to compete. In any contest, you're conditioning yourself for life. Football's like life, a contest in which you try to win, to succeed lawfully . . . to take setbacks with a smile.'

"Next, I stopped the basketball star, now a sporting goods salesman, who still plays amateur ball. And he said, 'It's learning how to take the bumps, how to meet people . . . learning how to win and how to lose in the right way. It all helps prepare you for the business world.'

"Last man up was a Benedictine priest who received several major league baseball offers as a pitcher but



turned them down for the priesthood. Said the priest, 'It's sportsmanship. It's learning how to met people, how to conduct oneself, how to meet setbacks . . . to give and take . . . to take the worst with the best in life.'

"Self-discipline . . . and sportsmanship. They're pretty close. You can't very well have one without the other.

"If you've learned these things from sports, you've learned a lot."

## Sports Merry-Go-Round

Bill Skowron, rookie New York Yankee first-baseman, planned to study for the priesthood when he was a high school freshman but later followed the call of baseball.

Four of the eight-team field entrants for the Holiday Basketball Tournament in Buffalo, N. Y., December 27 through January 1 will be Catholic colleges. They are Fordham, Georgetown, St. Bonaventure and Canisius. The remaining teams in the Queen City Invitational will be Columbia, Yale, Georgia Tech and Idaho State.

Roger Bannister's record-breaking mile run was done in about as much time as it would take another individual to slide down a mile-long banister!

When Johnny Wilson, Detroit Red Wing hockey star, and Pat Ann Donald were married recently in St. Clair Church in Windsor, Ont., it brought to light the coincidence that the young couple first met at teammate Ted Lindsay's wedding two years ago.

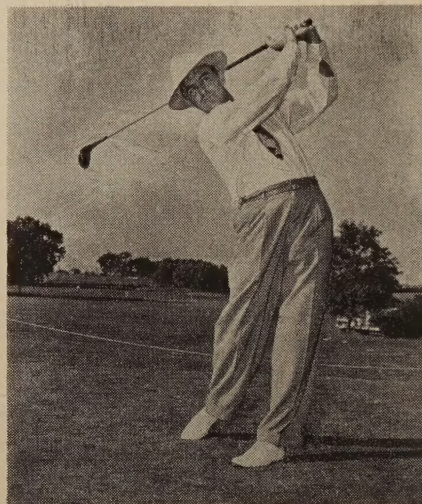
Former Catholic College players kept pace with the best in the pro basketball circuit last season. George (Mr. Basketball) Mikan from DePaul and Bob Cousy, Holy Cross graduate, were selected on the All National League team, and Easy Ed Macauley, former St. Louis University cager, made the second team. Mikan led the Minneapolis Lakers to the pro title again, while Cousy and Macauley paced the Boston Celtics to the semi-final championship playoffs.

Cum Laude Dept.: Vince Lombardi, backfield coach of the New York

Giants pro football team, made the Dean's honor list four straight years at Fordham U.

A subscription drive to obtain \$50,000 for a statue in honor of Honus Wagner inspired only \$10,000 from Pittsburgh admirers. Maybe it's because the Pirate fans like their immortal Dutchman so much that they just can't see him as a bust!

Manager Casey Stengel and the veteran Enos Slaughter have this in common: Belleville, Ill., is where Slaugh-



SAM SNEAD  
*No sixes for a four*

ter resides and also is where Casey and his wife Edna were married. Now Belleville's really on the map!

DAFFYNITIONS: Exception — What every rule has except the Golden One. Human Nature—What makes you mad at a batter when you're pitching and perturbed at a pitcher when you're batting.

Ted Williams uses different weight bats against different pitchers. For the real wild ones, he may well use a telegraph pole!

The fine early season performance of Steve Gromek, veteran major league pitcher, is traced to the belief that you can teach an old pitcher some new baseball tricks. The Detroit right-hander credits his new-found success to the development of a new pitch—a sinker that breaks down and away from a left-handed batter. Well,

he's hoping Big Steve continues to get those good breaks for the Tigers.

Slammin' Sammy Snead's playoff victory over Ben Hogan for the Master's Tournament pro golf title was all due to a "success secret" which he explains thusly: "I've become stroke-conscious. I got that way when they upped the penalty to two strokes. Now if my chance of getting six is as good as getting a four, why I play for a five."

This month's heavyweight title boxing bout between Champion Rocky Marciano and Ezzard Charles is strictly a theater-television deal. Home fans, however, will get a break since the bout will be broadcast over a national radio network. From here, Rocky the champion is expected to retain his laurels.

Little Mo Connolly continues to reign as the tennis queen. The pleasant San Diego, Cal., girl triumphed recently in the Rome tournament and is favored to repeat in the Wimbledon and Forrest Hills tournaments this summer.

The appointment of Terry Brennan as Frank Leahy's successor as head football coach at Notre Dame pleased many of the priests at Holy Cross College, Brookland, D. C. Some still recall the day Terry served Mass there when the Notre Dame team stopped over en route to their game with Navy at Annapolis.

Wherever you happen to be this summer, be sure to take time out to watch the youngsters playing American Legion Junior Baseball or Little League or Midget League games on the public park or sandlot diamonds. You'll soon find that the future big leaguers play real smart baseball, and upon occasion, are just as thrilling as the pro players.

So, till the Fall, goodbye for a while from this column, and have a pleasant summer. Be sure to take care of yourself so that you'll be able to enjoy the big sports thrills scheduled for the impending football, hockey, basketball and boxing seasons. Meanwhile, have a good time!



# You Think You've Got Troubles

(Continued from page 4.)

asked question is this: "Why do Catholic priests always demand that, in a difficult case of parturition, the child must be saved and the mother left to die?"

The question is based on a basic misconception in the first place. The Church demands that nothing be done *directly* to kill either the mother or the child, even if the reason for the medical action is to save the other. To kill an innocent person by direct means is murder.

Contraception is the plague of the Church and of the world. Catholic druggists have their problems in this regard. What can they sell and what are they forbidden to sell? The answer is clear: They may sell nothing that is made designedly for sinful contraception.

A druggist in St. Louis who had been selling such things without realizing it was wrong made a retreat. Set straight on the matter by a good confessor, he cleared his stock of all such items. Human humor was in his report, to me, on his action:

"Father, my present refusal to sell contraceptives has done my business no harm at all . . . And now I even get to sell baby powder, diapers, and later ice cream cones to the little ones I helped bring into the world."

A difficult type to deal with is the pious person who has hallucinations. Such an individual must never be ridiculed, but can seldom be taken seriously. If the Lord were to appear to all those who imagined He has, the world would be full of miracles. And the untoward actions such "apparitions" are reported as having performed are indication enough of their unreality.

It should be taught clearly in the parish schools that a "vision" cannot be considered to come from God if it contains elements that God cannot approve of. And even if the directions given by the "spirit" are of holy mien, the fact of supernaturality in the case has still to be proved. The Church's traditional

attitude of holy skepticism is the best rule for her children to follow.

EVERY question column, I am sure, has its quota of "screwball letters." Though ordinarily the writers of this kind of letter must be pitied rather than laughed at, the communications often contain true elements of humor.

One such letter that has become a classic in the *Register* office has to do with what the staff fondly calls the "wolf wagon." The message contains a greatly detailed drawing of a vehicle designed to be used in hunting wolves. It is a sort of armor-clad trailer house—but with solid steel wheels, and not rubber tires, so that "wolves cannot bite, and wheels run flat, and wolf bite you."

The windows are equipped with "sharp steel blades edges," which the "wolves can chew but not get in." The curious vehicle also has little portholes for "guns to shoot wolves through between bars."

The perpetual chastity of the Catholic priest the world over is a great source of amazement to many, even among Catholics, who should understand. The tremendous fact of universal priestly celibacy is so widely recognized that a single betrayer of the sacred vows becomes the focal point immediately of widespread interest, which, unfortunately, is sometimes morbid.

But a young Catholic lad displayed a

healthy, and obviously sincere, interest in the practical difficulties that must beset the man with the Roman collar. Clearly experiencing such difficulties himself, he wrote: "Father, how do priests live good lives without marrying. Is there something you take?"

I have not yet found any medicine that can stem the demands of lower nature; but the Sacraments do a very good job.

ONE OF THE chief problems the ask-learn editor has to contend with, and solve for himself, is to answer questions in such a way as to clarify the difficulty of the questioner completely. As one begins to write an answer, whether for the column or privately, he knows that other questions will arise as the correspondent reads the reply. The important thing is to strive to explain all the hidden ramifications of the question as briefly and as clearly as possible.

It is often an exacting task to discern precisely what the questioner has in mind when he writes. The column editor must try, with only the letter at hand, to determine the real "point" of the query, and then to solve the difficulty with the help of his books and common sense.

If an editor were in playful mood, he could get himself into real trouble in his answers. One writer asked: "We can sin with all the five senses. How does one commit sin with his nose?"

The flippant editor might reply: "By sticking it in someone else's business."

The strongest over-all impression I have gotten from my long term as "Ask and Learn" editor is this: Everyone, though he does not always realize it, is struggling for the one eternal goal—life with God in heaven. On the path that leads to this goal there are many pitfalls and problems. Few can solve personal problems for themselves. People need help. And I am convinced that anyone—priest or layman—who assists his neighbor in the solution of personal problems is performing an act of charity that must, indeed, be dear to the heart of Christ.

## NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

*The HOLY NAME JOURNAL, which follows the cycle of the Holy Name activities year, concludes the current year with this issue and is not published in July or August. Please watch for your next copy in September.*



# SANCTUARY IN THE DESERT

(Continued from page 20.)

1920's it was used to quarter troops, and at times was simply left to the ravages of the elements.

Finally, in 1943, Father José Mercadillo Miranda, providentially pastor in nearby San Miguel de Allende, set out to restore the Sanctuary. In Father Mercadillo, Atotonilco found its second Father Alfaro. Although this modern, highly-educated native son of Guanajuato, would be the last person to dream of comparing himself to the founder of the Sanctuary, he nevertheless had the vision and ability to undertake his task. He is a devout, energetic man, a person with an extraordinary understanding of history, the fine arts and literature.

Restoring Atotonilco was a monumental job. Many of the ceilings had fallen in; some of the wonderfully carved stone altars had been moved to other parts of the building; large sections of the Pocasangre murals had been plastered over. Keenly interested in Colonial religious art, and a painter himself, Father Mercadillo called experts in to restore the murals. The plaster had to be carefully peeled away to reveal the remarkable art work beneath. The retreat-house was repaired and expanded. The work took almost ten years. However, once the news that Atotonilco would be reopened got around the country, the poor began pouring in.

Now, at the desert Sanctuary, there are twenty-one week-long retreats given each year. People stream in from every part of Mexico and even from abroad to take part in the exercises. The restored corridors and chapels are alive with the chanting of hymns. Muted figures hear Mass, confess, follow the Stations of the Cross. During the hours when there are no sacred services, the doors are left open to receive the countless other visitors—the art students, art historians and travelers who come to marvel at the brilliance of the Pocasangre frescos.

In addition to the permanent chaplain stationed there, Father Mercadillo and other priests from San Miguel go out to

Atotonilco each day to assist at the Exercises and in the hospital. Because the great majority of the pilgrims have little or no money for housing and food, the Sanctuary helps them. As many as five and six thousand people are housed there during a retreat-week. The Atotonilco kitchens, managed mostly by volunteer help, cook two or three beefs a day, thousands of pounds of beans and vegetables. Some sixty thousand corn *tortillas*, the bread of Mexico, are patted out and baked each day.

To care for the health needs of the pilgrims Father Mercadillo has managed to build a spick-and-span fifty-two bed hospital-clinic, located just behind the retreat center. The hospital has a small surgery and private rooms with bath for serious cases. Soon there'll be a laboratory and X-ray facilities. All medical treatment and hospital care are free of charge, not only for those making the retreats, but for the ranchers and people living in the surrounding area. Two doctors from San Miguel de Allende contribute their services. They are aided by Father Mercadillo, who has had medical training.

These statistics, however, are not half as impressive as a visit to the Sanctuary during a retreat. Some of the Exercises are held for men, some weeks are for women, and on alternate occasions, for families. When you watch the long lines of pilgrims wind down through the dry hills toward Atotonilco at dawn, and you hear the men, women and children singing hymns and responses in the early morning light, it is moving beyond words. Study the wrapt expression on the wind-burnt face of an Indian farmer as he follows the Stations in the Chapel of Calvary, or as he stares at the three amazing altars which resemble the rocks of Calvary—it does something to you. Perhaps you might attend the unforgettable final Benediction given in the large retreat-house auditorium where thousands of communicants file in, each carrying a lighted taper. The author,

having visited Saint Peter's in Rome and Lourdes in France, found the services beautiful and impressive, but at Atotonilco, in the dry hills of Mexico, the sense of simplicity, of devotion and faith seemed overwhelmingly more moving.

It is no wonder that a few years ago an American woman named Doris Malone, who came to Atotonilco just to see the murals, startled the chaplain by asking permission to attend a retreat. The good padre was a little uncertain. The American woman was well dressed, and it was obvious that she customarily lived in good hotels. Could she accustom herself to sleeping on reed mats with the Indian women, to eating the simple food of the poor, as is done during the long retreats? The American woman insisted.

Doris Malone not only attended one retreat; she remained in San Miguel for six months, returning to the Sanctuary at every possible opportunity. Finally she approached Father Mercadillo with a problem. Could she become a nun in Mexico? The pastor of San Miguel put her in touch with his superiors and shortly afterward, Doris Malone entered the Order of the Mothers of the Cross as a novice. Today she is happily at work in a convent in Monterrey.

Besides helping people spiritually, the impact of the Sanctuary at Atotonilco has a way of guiding men in their ordinary daily conduct. Since the restoration of the shrine and the resumption of the Exercises, there has occurred an interesting change in the surrounding communities. One state governor has pointed out that since Atotonilco was reopened there has been a marked decrease in crime in the state.

Atotonilco has an effect on people. The services there, and the magnificent murals which have a way of arousing a genuine piety in those who view them, are a living tribute to the zeal of Father Alfaro. When one stands before his tomb in the Presbytery and reads the inscription "*Exultabunt in Domino Ossa Humiliata*," placed there when the Diocesan Process was instituted to introduce in Rome the cause for his canonization, one understands why his devotion and purpose still lives on.